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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Selections.

From the Ninth Annual Report of the Boston Female A. S. Society.

ADDRESS TO HENRY CLAY.

SIR—From your place in the Senate, and in the hearing of the nation, you have addressed that portion of your countrymen who have given their countenance to the abolition of slavery, adjuring them to reflect and desist. They owe a voice responsive to that adjuration, to you, to themselves, and to their country, and much more to the holy cause of freedom, to which they have bound themselves.

We have not thoughtlessly and carelessly sent up our spirits into the councils of the nation. It is not without the most careful scrutiny of the subject, and the deepest solemnity of self-communion, that we have taken the position of intense and life-long hostility to slavery. All your arguments before the Senate for its continuance, with others which to our minds are quite as weighty, have again and again passed before us, and have as often been found baseless and unsatisfactory. You do but deceive yourself, in fancying that a *form* of rejecting our petitions would have stilled the agitation of the claims of 3,000,000 of your countrymen, and ours, who have been rendered incapable of preferring those claims in their own persons, by the workings of your system. Would this heaven-daring amount of crime and injustice—would our grief and indignation, as we behold it, have been lessened by any possible mockery of forms? No! The work of universal abolition, which you correctly state to be our object, is one which can neither be checked nor arrested by the American Congress. It is a movement too grand and magnificent—too strong, and too holy. Our free government, of which you speak, the dearest hope of civilization—has done a glorious work for the world universally. Its sixty years of operation have so strengthened the minds of many in the principles of freedom, that they revolt as from personal indignity when slavery affronts them with her baleful presence. Those principles have become an inseparable part of the existence of thousands and tens of thousands. They will teach them in the house, and they will speak of them by the way. They will live by them. When they behold them violated, they will overwhelm the unworthy deed with their reprobation, though senates sit ignobly devising formulas by which to hush them. Of what avail is it to the slaveholder, that the general government has no power in the States? When have the abolitionists petitioned it to exercise such power? We know its limits and have never asked you to overleap them. But, the general government is but the expression of the national heart, and it is with that heart that we have to do. A moral revolution, such as began in the United in 1829, never yet went backward. Witness the existence of Christianity—the Reformation of Luther—the abolition of slavery by Great Britain. The powers of speech and of the press, invested as they are with this magnificent idea, with the awful sanctions of law alike and gospel, of reason and religion, operate in a circumference larger than that described by the machinery of governments. Governments are but their guards and servants, not their masters. Their effect must evermore be freedom. Year after year, the great free voice will come up stronger and stronger; and the agitation will grow wider and deeper. No Congress can stay it—no combination can check it. It is the voice of God, announcing to the earth that slavery shall be no longer.

We have asked only of the general government what it is confessedly competent to perform, by the assumption of Congress ever since its first organization; by the concession of Congressional committees on the District, from time to time; by concession of eleven hundred of the inhabitants of the District itself, in 1827; by concessions of grand juries of the District; by virtual assertion of ten State legislatures; by the recorded petitions of numerous bodies of citizens of slave States, to be found on the journals of the Senate and the House of Representatives, between the years 1823 and 1830; by the concession of southern statesmen, legislatures and constitutional lawyers, whose great names time would fail us to enumerate. From all these, as well as from the millions of signatures to northern petitions, it appears that an overwhelming majority of the people of the United States *believe*, that, by the Constitution, Congress possesses *power*, unquestionable and undoubted, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. All this is sufficient to overrule objections of far more speciousness and plausibility than the *supposed suppositions* of Maryland and Virginia at the time of the cession, or than Mr. Clay's opinion of what makes a seat of government comfortable, available and convenient, or the disposition of some of the present inhabitants of the District to elevate themselves into a government for the United States on the subject of slavery, and to preserve forever, in the centre of the nation, a flowing well-head of guilt, and shame, and danger—a public nuisance and disgrace, which, were it as offensive to the senses as it is to the soul, could not have place a single hour. Are the United States to continue to sanction slavery because Mr. Clay's nerves are so indurated to its horrors, that he can be sufficiently "comfortable" in the slaveholding District? Is slavery to be tolerated in the District, because an establishment of freedom in it would be an inconvenience to the slaveholders of Maryland and Virginia? Is the onward and upward march of a great people to be stayed, lest the seat of its government should become a refuge for the desolate and oppressed?—The vision your words have made to pass before us is too beautiful to fade away, without having stirred our souls to renewed exertion that it may be realized. It stimulates us to upraise again to God and man, the united strength of our supplication for the deliverance of a people groaning under centuries of bondage; and never, till the last fetter melts away, shall we cease to call on you, and every member of the government, to let Freedom protect your chosen seat:—"Hide the outcast! Bewray not him that wandereth! Let mine outcasts dwell with thee! Deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor!"

Our great confederacy, to which you, with so much pride and satisfaction, refer—what is it, and for what purpose was it formed? To establish justice: but the man who does not feel, with every emotion of his soul, that the power which could chain and drive him past your capitol with scourgings is *unjust*—it becomes not him to take her very name upon his lips. *Her* bandaged eye sees no distinction between the dark representative of an unbroken African line, and the white descendant of a hundred English progenitors. From justice only can spring that "domestic tranquillity," or that assurance of "liberty for our posterity," which the federal league was formed to secure. Two hundred years of wrongful legislation can effect no change in the nature of things. The being you claim as your slave is a man; and therefore in him you never did have, you never can have, property. It matters not to those who look on the affairs of Time by the light of Eternity, though all the years the sun has ever measured were summoned by you to "sanctify" your claim. Time can do many things, but to destroy the incalculable difference between matter and spirit—to annul the eternal distinction between a child of God and the things with which God has surrounded him, a thousand years are as one day.

Justice, you assert, claims compensation. Compensation to whom? Most willingly and joyfully should $1200,000,000, be paid by this nation, if it could compensate for wrong and outrage unutterable—for centuries of bondage and unrequited toil—for forcible separation of families—for blighted aspirations—for darkened intellect—for the crushing out of the best hopes of this life, and the deprivation of those of another! Millions on millions for the emancipated—not a cent for the slaveholder!—But Mr. Clay cannot be serious in his assertion, that emancipation would annihilate this immense value. It surely is not left him to learn of us, that emancipation only removes his calculation from its present fluctuating basis to the solid earth, the only sure foundation. Neither can it be possible that Mr. Clay fails to perceive the want of agreement between the different parts of his speech. It cannot have escaped him, that if schools opened for slaves by humane and religious persons, were of any real utility to them, they could not have remained ignorant and unprepared for freedom. If the operation of those schools were the brutifying one of rendering men content in slavery, we rejoice that the efforts of abolitionists have caused their suppression. Mr. Clay speaks of the requisition of candor and impartiality, in one part of his speech, and in another, claims that men of color shall be counted as live stock. In one breath he appeals to the Searcher of hearts, to witness his love of liberty, and in another, declares his immutable determination to oppose any scheme of emancipation, whether gradual or immediate. In one moment he seems to dread that the colored race may gain the ascendancy—the next he dwells on their ignorance and numerical inferiority. Such inconsistency cannot have been unperceived by him; nor can we, in view of his opportunities and abilities, venture to presume such ignorance as his speech supposes. Was it unknown to you, sir, at the time of expressing your dread of any interference with the peculiar institutions of the slave States, that numerous societies exist in Great Britain, comprising the choicest spirits of the nation, which have the abolition of slavery *throughout the world* for their express object? Do you not know, that no moral or religious enterprise ever was undertaken, that did not make its projectors feel, that "their country was the world—their countrymen all mankind"? In this holy enterprise, Spain, France, Great Britain, America are as one, and each after each will the movements of their governments indicate the progress of freedom through the nations. All the machinery of publications, denunciations, declarations, to which you allude, as wanton and cruel assaults on your institution, are brought to bear on this very question, as it exists both in European colonies and among ourselves. Englishmen, and men of all nations, whose moral sense is outraged by slavery, have been laboring for its extinction in the midst of our nation. Why have we not heard of Mr. Clay's indignant remonstrance against England? Why has not a burst of overwhelming accusation gone over from the South to the British Parliament, as when seven thunders utter their voices? Why has all her action on this subject been outrageous violence, or crafty diplomacy? Because the South is perfectly aware that the moral efforts of men of one nation to change the hearts of men of another, are a violation neither of national right nor of international law.—Because Mr. Clay knows, that the ground on which the missionary stands is holy; and if the truth he promulgates makes men willing to loose the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free, Mr. Clay can but beseech him to be silent, and draw on a brilliant imagination to picture the dreadful consequences of righteousness; trusting, meanwhile, that the murderous spirit which selfishness and slavery arouse in men's hearts, may quench the spirit of freedom and humanity. But, civilization, though long stayed in her progress by domestic slavery, has yet so far triumphed over barbarism, that speech and the press are abstractedly deemed free. In spite of the blinding mists of slavery, Americans in the northern States, at least, begin to discriminate between treason and free discussion—between the preacher of righteousness and the political emissary—between the exercise of man's just rights, and the infliction of horrible outrages in the support of wrong. "Why," you exclaim, "are the slave States wantonly and cruelly assailed?" Why do they wantonly and cruelly outrage the moral sense of Christendom? "Why are your efforts confined to the free States?" Because the spirit and the gains of slavery are diffused through all classes and conditions of society *here*. Because it is employing time and means to the best advantage, to work outward from our own hearth-stones. Cast yourself back into the recent past, and behold for ten successive years the outrage and insult — the demolition of humble dwellings — the violence of mobs — the flames of burning cities—which have followed the free words and right deeds in northern States, and you will instantly perceive that it is no unworthy consideration of personal safety that bids us make *them* the fulcrum by which to move the South.—No:—for while we gather around our own firesides, with all the shielding that our free State government can give us, and protected by the abstract opinions of our fellow citizens, even now—in the very midst of us—"sits DANGER, with his feet upon the hearth!" It is the South which is operating upon the institutions of the North! and the right of association denied—of petition suffocated—of speech forbidden—of meeting at the mercy of violence—nay, the right to live overwhelmed by murder—attest with what success. It is the *South* who are outraging all the laws of neighborhood and humanity. It is you who have "subsidized presses and made la ge pecuniary contributions." It is you who have "srnt forth numerous missionaries" through our borders, to attack our institutions and our persons. Yours cannot live unless ours perish. You have set fire to our beautiful capitals; but, God be praised, you cannot make us have recourse to retaliatory violence. We suffer, and we know not when shall be the end. But, sooner or later, the hour will come. The slave will be free! We know it, because we feel that no senatorial breath, however potent, no words, feebly picturing as a wrath to come, that which has already been realized, can melt away the free soul's resolute devotedness. No labor of the president of the colonization society to spread before us the frightful enmity between the races, will avail to prevent us from pouring forth the spirit of repentance, and reconciliation, and forgiveness, into the hearts of both. Nothing which deeply concerns the human race should excite derision; but it will not be wonderful, should the inconsiderate, both at the North and the South, be at a loss whether to deride the ignorance, or to condemn the insincerity, which alludes with horror to the mingling of two races, notwithstanding it goes on under the institution of slavery, unregulated and unchecked. You appeal to cupidity, to prejudice, to cherished hatred,—successfully, no doubt, for they exist to an alarming extent. You assure us that the white man cannot treat the man of color peaceably. Sir, abolitionists are men of like passions with others, and have, like them been colonizationists and slaveholders;—yet they have overcome their murderous hatred to the colored man. Men's hearts and men's homes are as open to him as to the white man, wherever the abolition sentiment has penetrated. The spirit of freedom is even now wrestling in Massachusetts for a legislative acknowledgment of the essential quality of the man of color; and that last relic of caste and bigoted meanness, the marriage law, is about to be swept away.

Freedom, you fear, would excite fearful struggle, disorder and distress at the South. In Heaven's name, sir, what exists there now but struggle, and disorder, and distress, and stripes and tears, and tyranny, and unrequited toil, and scorn, and wrath, and families parted by force, and a spirit of mutiny, and constant apprehension, and slaves assasinating their masters, and ignorant wretches massacred for firing cities in their insane vengeance, or hunted with dogs for asserting their freedom; barbarism and oppression hand in hand, violence and murder in the halls of legislation, senators reaching their places in the councils of government by yielding up the hopes and rights of man whenever arabition demands the sacrifice? And yet Mr. Clay would consider the event a most direful one, which would put the cause of these atrocities in jeopardy! He would have its consideration evermore shifted to the shoulders of posterity, from age to age; and yet, while loading them with his own fearful responsibilities, he professes to have at heart, above all other objects, the well-being of his own descendants and his own race! and calls on the Searcher of hearts to witness that his own beats high with the love of civil liberty!! Has he a love of liberty who goes about balancing his *own* safety and convenience, his *own* descendants and race, against the eternal principles which guarantee the safety and freedom of the world! Shame! shame! indignantly exclaims the Christian, for the distinctive features of his religion is its universality; the philanthropist, for he loves man; the true statesman and patriot, for they see that this question is no less a test now, than in the days of Wilberforce and Clarkson, of who is fit to destroy and who to save a nation. You call on abolitionists to subdue in their hearts the love of universal liberty. We could not if we would—we would not if we could. We say with Luther, "It is neither safe nor right to do aught against conscience. Here stand we—we can no other—God help us—Amen!" In a righteous cause we know not fear; though Mr. Clay is shaken with the apprehensions of the evil consequences of universal liberty. Sir, your *fears* are no measure of your brother's rights. Is slavery a violation of them?—Reason and revelation, and the heart of man, and the voice of God in them all, say Yes! and yet you bid us *fear* to present to you our petitions for the extinction of such parts of it as lie within your jurisdiction, and call this terror-stricken circle of corrupt public opinion, which your judgment has marked out for us, "our own appropriate and delightful sphere!" This style is unworthy alike of you and of ourselves—alike unworthy of the American senator and the American woman. It is not the language of one high soul to another, and therefore it passed by us as the wind. It is thus we educate our sons in Massachusetts. They must see us impervious to sophistry, or they will not truly appreciate reasoning. They must see us disregarding appeals to the educational weakness of woman, or they will have reason to despise the mothers that bore them. Unless they see us awake to the fallacies of an assumed authority, they will grow up its dupes and slaves. If they behold us weakly yielding up our convictions of duty to freedom, and humanity, and God, when human love and honor are the bribes, can we expect them, in the struggle of life, which they are so soon to enter, to preserve inviolate their steadfast fidelity to the righteous and the true? If they behold us overwhelmed with terrors at the rage of the wicked and unreflecting, can we expect of them a noble courage? No: since our example will educate them, we shall labor to make it a good and worthy one.

But, (since Mr. Clay dwells so much on consequences,) we must direct his attention to those which *must* ensue, if the slaveholding States persist in those aggressions on the rights of the free States, which are the necessary consequences of slavery. The form of the Union, which now exists, will speedily perish, as all that is valuable in reality has long since done; the slaveholding States will stand alone, and will be far more exposed than they now are to the moral influences which they so much dread. They are now shielded from the full force of these impressions by the interposition of their northern apologists, and by the existing form of Union. These removed, they must repent or perish. Let him be assured, meanwhile, of our constant and devoted lives in the cause of freedom, as long as life shall be given us. Let him be assured that—

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won!"

From the New-York American.

MEXICO AND TEXAS.

PART SEVENTH.

In my last communication, I brought into view a number of instances in which we have violated the Mexican territory. To these I might add the recent expedition to Santa Fé, which was undoubtedly planned in the United States, and carried into execution principally by our citizens; and, what is more, was rendered a government measure, by the interference of our executive for the protection of those Americans who were engaged in it. But evidence has been already adduced, quite sufficient to prove the point under consideration.

In the next place, I shall proceed to show, that we have grievously maltreated Mexico in various other ways.

In a letter of Mr. Van Buren, then Secretary of State, to Mr. Poinsett, minister to Mexico, dated August 25, 1829, he says: "A spirit of enterprise, and not unfrequently of encroachment, has been exhibited by our citizens who inhabit the frontier." "Notwithstanding the cautious policy evinced by the Mexican government in the designation of an extensive border territory, within which no grants should be made, or settlements permitted, the improvements of the Americans on the Texas side commence from what is regarded as the boundary line, *and are scattered over the prohibited territory.*" In the same letter it is shown, that large numbers of our citizens were pouring into Texas, and obtaining grants of land, with the intention of exciting rebellion against the Mexican government; and moreover, that this design had been entertained for years. What is more, these circumstances are urged in that letter as reason for the cession of Texas, by Mexico, to the United States; nay, and urged, too, at the very moment when Mexico was invaded by a Spanish force from Cuba; accompanied, it is true, by the disavowal of any intention, on the part of our government, to take advantage of that circumstance; which disavowal only made the matter worse, by adding duplicity to arrogance.

Another instance of our outrageous insolence towards Mexico, is to be found in a letter of Mr. Van Buren, dated November 30, 1829, to Mr. Butler, charge d'affaires of the United States to Mexico, in relation to a reported secret mission from Mexico to Haiti, to concert measures with President Boyer, to excite an insurrection among the slaves in Cuba. In this letter, Mr. Van Buren says: "It is the wish of the President, that you should keep a watchful eye over all the movements of the Mexican government regarding the project referred to; that, to this end, and for the information of your own government, you should collect all the details in your power upon the subject, and oppose the strongest remonstrances that you can against it, in your official intercourse with the agents of that government, if you should find that they persisted in it. If these should not be effectual, and you discover that that government is not to be turned from its purpose, it is the wish of the President, that, in that case, you should furnish this department with the earliest information of the fact, that the government of the United States may have it in its power to adopt such measures as it may deem proper and necessary, to avert the apprehended evils."

Now, suppose *the United States* were at war with Spain, as Mexico then was, and some foreign minister at Washington were to be directed to assume *our* guardianship, and to keep a watchful eye over all the movements of *our* government in relation to Cuba; how soon would his recall be required by this same government, and satisfaction demanded of his own.

The manner in which the complaints of Mexico, with regard to the interference of our citizens in the case of Texas, have been treated by our government, is another sample of flagrant delinquency and injustice on our part towards Mexico. Notwithstanding vessels of war have been fitted out in our harbors, and regiments of soldiers have been raised at the West to aid the Texans; notwithstanding "succors of every kind, in provisions, arms, ammunition, and money," have been continually forwarded to that country; notwithstanding every obligation of neutrality has been violated in the most barefaced manner by our people; the reply of our government to the remonstrances of Mexico has been, that these were *emigrating* operations. "I was personally acquainted with Col. Wilson and some of his fellow-*emigrants*," says United States' Attorney Saunders, "and in conversations with him, and some of them, *they assured* me that their object in Texas was emigration only." "They organized themselves, and left the country, as emigrants I know of no authority under the laws of the United States, which can prevent any man, or body of men, from emigrating whither they may choose." O yes; *emigrating* indeed! So, then, it is only necessary for a gang of plunderers and outlaws *to declare themselves* a party of emigrants, (armed to the teeth though they be,) and they can go on in their lawless career unmolested. Well, then, as it is a poor rule that will not work both ways, let us reverse the case. Let us suppose another South Carolina nullification affair. Let us suppose matters to be brought to such a pass, as to involve the general government and South Carolina in civil war. And now for *emigrating* parties. Fleets and armies come from Mexico and Great Britain, and various other quarters, to aid South Carolina in its revolt against the national government. That government remonstrates against such proceedings, as a violation of neutrality, or even as an attempt to overthrow the government itself. To all its remonstrances; to all its complaints that those armies and fleets were openly raised and fitted out, and that they sailed "with drums beating, and fifes playing," for the land of nullification; the reply of those foreign governments should be, that those forces *called themselves* EMIGRATING parties. Think ye, Messrs. Editors, that our government would be satisfied with this? And who can tell but this supposition may yet become history? Who can say, that some American Cataline, some Arnold, or Shays, or Burr, or Dorr, will not yet rear the standard of rebellion against the government, and be aided in this very way by the "emigrant" fleets and armies of those governments that wish to see our republican institutions overthrown? We should remember the scripture maxim: "With the same measure that ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." We should remember, that Eternal Justice rules the world, before whom the nations of men are as grasshoppers, and that "those who walk in pride he is able to abase."

PART EIGHTH.

I brought into view, in my last communication, a number of instances in which this country has grievously maltreated Mexico. I now proceed to bring forward more matter of a similar description.

I have already noticed the fact, that the Texan revolution was accomplished by foreigners, and not by Texans; and that those foreigners were principally our own people. In relation to this point, I make the following quotation from a member of Congress, to a gentleman of Weathersfield, Vt. dated Washington, December, 1837:

"The revolution in Texas seems first to have attracted the attention of Mexico in 1835. On entering Texas, she found that the patriots, by her called insurgents, were mostly American citizens; that numbers of our citizens, even in organized companies, with arms and supplies, were coming to their support in the most open and public manner, without other let or hindrance than private orders to district attorneys and marshals, and those not executed."

But the most striking and curious illustration of this *revolution of foreigners*, is furnished in the list of the signers of the declaration of Texan independence, as given in the Arkansas State Gazette; by which it will be seen that only *two*, out of *fifty-seven* of those signers, were native Texans. It seems fair to regard this as an index of the proportion of Texans and foreigners engaged in that revolution.

The following is the article to which I refer, and which I here present to the reader as a political curiosity.

Signers of the Declaration of Texan Independence, at Washington, on the River Brazos, 2d March, 1836; with their ages, and places of nativity.

Names.	Age.	Place of Nativity.
Richard Ellis, *President*,	54	Virginia.
Charles B. Stewart,	30	South Carolina.
James Collingworth,	30	Tennessee.
Edwin Waller,	35	Virginia.
Asa Brigham,	46	Massachusetts.
J. D. S. Byron,	38	Georgia.
Francisco Ruez,	54	Bexar.
J. Antonio Navarro,	41	Bexar.
J. B. Badgett,	29	North Carolina.
W. D. Lacy,	28	Kentucky.
William Menefee,	40	Tennessee.
John Fisher,	36	Virginia.
Matthew Caldwell,	38	Kentucky.
William Motely,	24	Virginia.
Lorenzo de Zavalla,	47	Yucatan.
George W. Smith,	33	North Carolina.
Stephen H. Everett,	29	New-York.
Elijah Stapp,	53	Virginia.
Claiborne West,	36	Tennessee.
William B. Scates,	30	Virginia.
Michael B. Menard,	31	Kentucky.
A. B. Hardin,	38	Georgia.
John W. Buntin,	28	Tennessee.
Thomas J. Cazley,	35	New-York.
Robert M. Coleman,	37	Kentucky.
S. C. Robinson,	50	North Carolina.
George C. Childers,	32	Tennessee.
Baily Hardeman,	41	Tennessee.
Robert Potter,	36	North Carolina.
Thomas J. Rusk,*	29	South Carolina.
Charles S. Taylor,	28	England.
John S. Roberts,†	40	Virginia.
Robert Hamilton,	43	Scotland.
Colin McKenny,	70	New Jersey.
A. H. Lattimore,	27	Tennessee.
James Power,	48	Ireland.
Samuel Houston,‡	43	Virginia.
David Thomas,	35	Tennessee.
E. Conrad,	26	Pennsylvania.
Martin Parmer,	58	Virginia.
E. O. Legrand,	33	North Carolina.
S. W. Blount,	28	Georgia.
James Gaines,§	63	Virginia.
William Clark, jr.	73	North Carolina.
S. O. Pennington,	27	Kentucky.
William C. Crawford,	31	North Carolina.
John Turner,	34	North Carolina.
Benjamin B. Goodrich,	37	Virginia.
George W. Burnet,	43	South Carolina.
James G. Swisher,	41	Tennessee.
Jesse Grimes,	48	North Carolina.
S. Rhoads Fisher,	41	Pennsylvania.
Samuel A. Maverick,	29	South Carolina.
John White Bower,	27	Georgia.
J. B. Woods,	24	Kentucky.
John W. Moore,	89	Pennsylvania.
Andrew Biscoe,	25	Mississippi.

Recapitulation.

Virginia,	11	North Carolina,	9
South Carolina,	4	Kentucky,	6
Tennessee,	9	Yucatan,	1
Massachusetts,	1	New-York,	2
Georgia,	4	New Jersey,	1
Bexar,	2	Pennsylvania,	3
England,	1	Mississippi,	1
Scotland,	1		—
Ireland,	1		57

* General Rusk.
† Resides at Nacogdoches—was at Amuckefau, Talladega, Horseshoe, and at New Orleans.
‡ President of the republic.
§ Cousin of General Gaines.

What a catalogue is here! O, these *Texan* patriots! These *venerable* and *hoary* sages! These *fathers* and *ancients* of the people, on some of whose heads are the *black frosts* of twenty or thirty winters! When beheld the world before so august an assemblage of gray-haired wisdom! When before was there such disinterested devotion to *country!* Talk we no more of the impracticability of the establishment of a "Congress of Nations"—when before our own eyes is displayed such a catalogue as this.

The "Congress of Nations" is already established. It commenced its supervision of international affairs, when, on the 2d of March, 1836, the *Texans, of various countries* and *languages*, assembled in conclave at Washington, on the river Brazos, and declared Texas independent of Mexico. Never-to-be-forgotten magnanimity! thus to interpose in behalf of a foreign land! Surely, surely, the doctrine of disinterested benevolence must be admitted after such an illustration as this; though, at the same time, it must be conceded, that history furnishes no other instance in which foreigners, *almost entirely without native aid*, have thus kindly achieved a country's independence! Verily, this must be at least "a sign of the times!"

I proceed, in the next place, to make some further extracts from the letter of the member of Congress already mentioned, in relation to our maltreatment of Mexico:

"Our claims against the Mexican government were never brought to the consideration of Congress by any message, until that of December, 1836. These claims had been the subject of ordinary diplomatic correspondence from time to time, during all which, due allowance had been made for the convulsed situation of Mexico on our part, and 'the most friendly feeling manifested by her towards us.' But the tone of negotiation suddenly changed. On the 20th of July, eleven days after the official communication of the decree, annulling the power of Santa Anna, our minister was directed to present to the Mexican government fourteen specific claims, with diverse, indefinite complaints, under instructions somewhat peremptory:—'If, contrary to the President's hopes, no satisfactory answer shall be given to this just and reasonable demand *within three weeks*, you will inform the Mexican government that, unless redress is afforded without unnecessary delay, your further residence in Mexico will be useless. If this state of things continue longer, you will give formal notice to the Mexican government, that unless a satisfactory answer shall be given *within a fortnight*, you are instructed to ask for your passports.'

On the 27th of May, Mr. Robert Greenhow was sent with a sealed packet to Mexico, with instructions to deliver it at the department of State, and to inform the secretary that he was directed to wait *one week* for a reply. Mr. Greenhow delivered his despatches with his errand on the 20th of July. They consisted of fifty-seven articles of claims, spread over seventy-three printed pages, some accompanied with voluminous vouchers and proofs, some with few, some with none; some cases of ancient date, some now for the first time presented—cases arising in different and distant parts of the country, all in the English language, and to be translated into Spanish; the whole, probably, to the amount of three or four octavo volumes in print; and all these were to be translated, read, examined, compared with their records and former evidence, and answered in one week!—seven days, including Sunday!"

Search the annals of the world in all ages, and you will look in vain for anything comparable to this. Here was a task for months, if not for years; a task which afterwards occupied the American and Mexican commissioners, together with the Prussian arbitrator, eighteen months, and even then was in part left unfinished; all this required of the Mexican secretary in a single week. No wonder he lifted up both hands in utter astonishment, declaring it an impossibility. That the object of such a demand was to involve Mexico in difficulty, and ultimately in war, who can doubt. And, as if this *might* fail of accomplishing that object, the remonstrance of the Mexican minister at Washington, against the duplicity and faithlessness of our government towards Mexico, was made another ground of offense. How easy it is to find fault, when a government is so disposed—and how unjust and cruel too. O, my country! how art thou fallen!

"Gray hairs are on thee, and thou know'st it not."

Remember thy great prototype, ancient Rome. Mark her perfidious policy, her false pretenses, her unjust and iniquitous measures, to aggrandize herself at the expense of other nations. Observe her base treatment of weaker States. See her rearing the stupendous fabric of her power on the ruins of crushed empires. Behold her eagle spreading her broad wings over the ramparts of far off nations, and her dread name holding in awe a wondering, trembling world. And where is she now? Ah! WHERE IS SHE NOW? And where wilt thou, my country, ere long, be, in pursuing the path that led her to her national perdition? Needs it prophetic ken to descry the fearful doom that awaits thee in this course? How long shall it be, ere nations will learn wisdom from the experience of the past? how long, ere they will realize, that under the government of the All-Just, national injustice will sooner or later receive national retribution; and that the chalice of wrong and outrage which a proud, imperious nation shall compel others to drink, she will herself be compelled to drain to the veriest, bitterest dregs?

JUSTITIA.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

A letter from Brazil, published in the New-York Sun, gives the following account of this horrible traffic:

A slave vessel is fitted out with two decks: that is, like a sloop of war. One is the upper, or spar-deck; and the one below, the berth or stair-deck; and still below that, the hold of the vessel, to stow the water and provisions in.

The stair-deck is fitted with bolts to chain the blacks to, in case they are troublesome; and it is generally done as soon as they are brought on board. There are sent on board of these vessels a great number of hand and feet irons, and shackle bolts, which are put on the blacks, and they are chained hands and feet together, in a sitting posture, as long as the captain of the vessel thinks necessary.

Upon arriving upon the coast of Africa, the captain having ascertained that the *coast is clear*, proceeds to take in his cargo of blacks, which is the object of his appearance.

There are regular depots established along the coast, for the purpose of furnishing the vessels, which appear off there, with blacks. They are always purchased for goods of English manufacture.

These manufactures are sent out to Rio de Janeiro, in English bottoms, for this secret purpose, in large quantities, and are transhipped from thence in American bottoms, to Angola and Benguela, for the purpose of deceiving inquiry.

When a vessel arrives there for slaves, they are already negotiated for, and there is nothing for the captain to perform, but to ship them on board his vessel, and be off. The whole transaction is completed by extensive agencies, organized all over Brazil and the coast; in which the English merchants of Rio de Janeiro have no small share.

The vessel coming upon the coast of Africa proceeds to some bay or inlet fifty or a hundred miles from the towns, the principal slave depots on the coast, and where she may be in greater security. She then takes on board the blacks, and oftentimes having no choice of weather, through a tremendous surf, where many lose their lives. For should the conductors of the boats miscalculate, which they frequently do, the weight which the boat will bear, and the size of the same, they, upon arriving in the surf, do not hesitate long about throwing overboard a sufficiency to preserve the lives of the remainder. Upon arriving on board, they are double-ironed, if likely to prove unmanagable, and chained down to the slave-deck, where they, generally speaking, remain the whole voyage. As soon as possible after their shipment, the vessel which bears them weighs anchor from their native shores, and they are torn from their friends and kindred, never again to meet them, unless as slaves, in a foreign land. They are packed in the vessel one upon another, oftentimes in such a way that the foulest air and filth rapidly accumulate, and breed disease, in its most horrid nature, amongst them. The small-pox proves their best friend in relieving them from the rapacity of those, by nature their natural protectors; in such a case, they are thrown overboard, in many instances, before they are dead!

I have known vessels to appear on the coast of Brazil, of between three and four hundred tons burden, loaded with from four to seven hundred blacks, at the commencement of their return trip, and during the voyage to have lost from small-pox and harsh treatment, nearly one-third of their number. These blacks, during the passage across the Atlantic, are fed upon *farini, Anglice*, flour, a species of root indigenous to Brazil, and boiled in the ship's coppers, together with from one to two pints of water per day. When chained to the slave-deck, they are fed; but when the vessel is strongly manned, they are allowed to eat out of a large wooden platter, placed for them.

After having arrived at their destination, they are landed some fifty miles down the Brazilian coast from any city, as they were received on board. They are then marched up to the slave markets, and there sold to their future lords and masters.

As far as I can learn, the condition of the black population of Africa is bad enough. They may be classed as the lowest of all nations and races of men who still remain in a state of barbarism. They live almost exclusively upon the spontaneous productions of nature, and have no cares, no wants. Their life is one of the greatest possible indolence, sloth, and filth. They live for no end, and have no more thought or care for the future, than the wild beasts of the jungles which surround them. Still, they are happy; for no troubles harrass them; they are free, for they have no one to oppress them; and they must have the ties of kindred and home, to bind them to their native shores, which not only *man*, but the most *insignificant* of God's creatures acknowledge the same. They have their quarrels, and their battles, their prisoner's ransom, just as all the nations, in their day, have had theirs. But *here* the white man supplied the ransom, and they go no more to their natal scenes, but become the *slaves* of the purchaser.

THE RIGHTS OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

In a previous number, the rights that may be exercised in the church, and the rights of withdrawal from it were briefly considered.

There are others not less important. The universal equality in the rights of men, is a doctrine that can never be subverted by the organization of a church, on the principles of the gospel. Each individual member, then, retains all his natural rights unimpaired. The right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, is natural and inalienable. This right to liberty may be exercised in any manner a person is disposed, if there is not interference with the rights of others.

Any member of a church may connect himself with any society, whose objects do not interfere with his Christian duties, and whose regulations do not encroach upon the rules of the gospel; and all attempts on the part of churches, general conferences, synods, assemblies, &c. to prevent the free action of those in their connection, is a usurpation of power, whose very dawnings should be crushed by the free spirit of Christianity. A member of a church may engage in any pursuit, enlist in any enterprise, that he supposes will promote his own happiness or conduce to the happiness of the human race, provided that, in doing this, he does not violate his Christian obligation.

He may do this single-handed, or he may associate with others for the more speedy accomplishment of his designs.

If this be so, all the resolutions, edicts, or bulls, that have proceeded from the churches or bishops, are un-Christian, and can have no legitimate force upon those whose conduct they have been intended to control.

Quakers may excommunicate the venerable Hopper for his philanthropy, but he is a Quaker still, and a scrutinizing judge will approbate his conduct, and condemn theirs.

Baptists, by shameful trickery, can eject Galusha from his office, but he remains unchanged, and his disinterested labors in the cause of human rights will meet the approval of God, and of good men, when the chicanery of "*the leading brethren*" will bring down upon their own heads a due measure of deserved contempt.

There are instances in which private rights have been assailed; or, perhaps, more properly, in which a kind of punishment has been inflicted for the exercise of these rights. That this course has been un-Christian no one can rationally doubt. Such proceedings never originated in hearts that were, at the time, under the influence of Christian principle.

Frequent attempts have been made to abridge these rights of private individuals. Those most frequent and most successful have been aimed at the reputation of the person.

The time was when a Christian's reputation suffered essentially, in the estimation of many churches, if he advocated those principles which are now so generally endorsed by the friends of temperance.

"He is an ultraist—a fanatic—he always carries things too far," were common remarks."

Such is now the fact, to a great extent, in relation to such as "remember those in bonds as bound with them." If one prays for the slave in the social prayer-meeting or monthly-concert, or alludes to his wrongs in the conference, he at once falls several degrees in the estimation of the brotherhood.

"He is a man of one idea," says one—"he is too ultra," says another—"I don't think any the better of him for his abolitionism," says a third.

Such remarks, whether it is design or not, seldom fail to injure the reputation of the person concerning whom they are made.

But has not a Christian a right to pity the suffering, and give earnest vent to his feelings of pity in earnest prayer to God? And has he not a right to excite similar feelings in others, by portraying the sorrows of his fellow mortals, who are doomed to intellectual and moral darkness by *Christian slavery?* Is it not, also, his right, that his reputation should remain uninjured in the estimation of his brethren?

But if these are the rights of the members of our churches, then certainly, some professed Christian churches are guilty of a most grievous wrong, for which they ought to make immediate repentance.

The Truth.

MURDER WITHOUT DUE PROCESS OF LAW.

We lately gave an account of George W. Lore, hung in Alabama, by Lynch law, for a murder of which he was entirely innocent. He was a native of Connecticut, and had married in Alabama.

Being out on bail, he had voluntarily returned to Alabama, to take his trial. The Hartford (Ct.) Review, contains the following touching letter, written after he had addressed the mob:

SPRING HILL, Nov. 3, 1842.

My dear Wife, Children, Parents, Brothers, and Sisters:

I have barely time to write you a few lines. I am here, at this place; arrived on Saturday last, and the citizens arrested me; and, contrary to my expectations, will not give me another trial, but have, about a hundred of them, determined to execute me; it will be in about half an hour. This will astonish you more than anything you ever heard or expected to hear; but nevertheless, it is true. I fear not what they can do to me. I had no evil design in returning, but did not expect to be treated in the manner I am. The crime

clothes are in it, so you can get them. There are some books among them. Give my love to all my relatives and friends, and tell them that I am innocent of the crime with which I am charged. I would write to them all, but the mob will not give me time. This I write on my knee, in the road near the woods. When I left the North, I prepared myself so as not to be arrested until I arrived. Now I am about to die, and my last request is, that my remains may be taken up, and carried to Cantwell's Bridge, Delaware; and there deposited along side my dear brother Giles. This I wish to be attended to, as soon as convenient and agreeable. The expense will be but little, and it may be a source of some satisfaction to you.

And now, may the blessings of Almighty God be and abide with all and each of you. Farewell, my dear wife, my dear children, my dear father, and mother, brothers and sisters, and uncles, and relations, farewell! GEORGE W. LORE.

THE PETITIONS.

Below follow the petitions which the Massachusetts board have sent over the State. Let all the petitions be universally signed. Slavery cannot be abolished while prejudice exists. Let no slave territory become a state, without encountering your resistance. Let no effort for the recognition of Haitian independence fail for want of your support. Send in these petitions, paid, to 25 Cornhill, Anti-Slavery office, or to Amory hall, office of the Latimer committee, if you wish them to make a part of the grand roll.—*Liberator.*

To the Congress of the United States:

The petition of the undersigned, citizens of ——— in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, respectfully represents, that at the session of the legislature of said commonwealth, held in the year 1840, the following resolutions were adopted by large majorities in both branches of the Legislature:

Whereas, domestic slavery exists in the District of Columbia, under the express authority of Congress, which, at the time of the cession of the District, re-enacted the slave codes of Maryland and Virginia; and whereas the sanction thus given to slavery, and its continued toleration at the seat of government, form a manifest violation, by this nation, of the first principles of justice, and have a tendency to corrupt the moral sense, and to lower the character of the whole people of the United States; and whereas this nation can have no higher interest, either before God or in the eyes of men, than the establishing of justice, and strengthening the just foundations of national honor; and whereas slavery in the District of Columbia being thus a national concern, and involving national responsibility, it is the right of the commonwealth of Massachusetts to remonstrate against the common wrong, and the degradation of national character; therefore,

Resolved, That Congress ought to exercise its acknowledged power in the immediate suppression of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia. And whereas, by the Constitution of the United States, Congress has the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and between the several States of the Union, in the exercise of which power, Congress, in the year eighteen hundred and eight, abolished the foreign slave trade; and whereas, a domestic slave trade as unjustifiable in principle as the African slave trade, and scarcely less cruel and inhuman in practice, is now carried on between the several States; therefore,

Resolved, That the domestic slave trade between the several States ought to be abolished by Congress without delay.

Your petitioners fully concurring in the above resolutions, request that Congress will immediately abolish slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia and in the territories, and the slave trade between the several States of the Union.

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To the Congress of the United States:

The petition of the undersigned, citizens of——— in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, represents, that they are earnestly desirous that the government of the United States should take no step, the direct tendency of which would be to extend and perpetuate the curse and sin of slavery in this land:

Wherefore, they respectfully request that neither Florida, nor any other new State, may be admitted into the Union, whose constitution or government shall tolerate domestic slavery.

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To the Congress of the United States:

The petition of the undersigned, citizens of——— in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, respectfully represents, that your petitioners are conscientiously scrupulous of interfering personally or through our official agents, in the internal concerns of the slave States of the Union, either by restoring their fugitive slaves, aiding in suppressing slave insurrections, or in any manner or form helping to keep any portion of their population in a condition of slavery.

Wherefore they ask that you will be pleased to take measures for amending the Constitution of the United States, either so as to abolish slavery, or so as explicitly to exonerate the people of each State from all obligation to assist in sustaining it.

—

To the Congress of the United States:

The undersigned of commonwealth of——— pray that the customary diplomatic and commercial relations be entered into between this country and the republic of Haiti, on the following grounds, which your petitioners are informed and believe to be correct:

First. The United States being the only nation which is not placed on a footing of reciprocity with that republic, we are therefore obliged to pay a duty on imports of 10 per cent. and 9 per cent. additional tonnage duty.

Second. Because we imported more from Haiti in 1841, than from either Prussia, Sweden Holland, Spain, Texas, Denmark, Belgium, Portugal, Sicily, Austria, Turkey, Morocco, Greece, Chili, Peru, or Beunos Ayres—in all of which countries we have consuls, and in some an expensive embassage.

Third. Because the trade of Haiti is of greater proportionate value to us, being chiefly carried on by our own shipping, thus adding the profits of the carrying trade to those of ordinary mercantile exchanges.

Fourth. Because we could then come into the market with the domestic products of the Eastern States, such as codfish, mackerel, herring, oil, soap, candles, and lumber; from the Western States, with pork, lard, and flour; from the Middle States, with cornmeal and flour—and undersell the British merchants, who now undersell us with a very inferior article; and even in the sale of East India goods, we could at least compete with other nations.

Fifth. Because the fact that our vessels can carry thither the produce of foreign countries, and be admitted to an entry from any foreign port, besides getting return cargoes, which, from the English islands, is, for the most part, impracticable, renders this trade peculiarly desirable.

Sixth. Because the increase of the population of Haiti, since 1804, from 400,000 to 960,000, and the yearly increase in the productions and exports of that island, authorizes the inference that this trade will continue to increase in importance.

Seventh. Because in spite of a difference of color, the United States have entered into such relations with the Sultan of Muscat, with Tunis, Algiers, and with Tripoli.

Eighth. And, principally, because it is wrong to make a difference in color a reason for a departure from the invariable usage of this government, which requires a recognition of the national independence of the republic of Haiti.

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To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

The petition of the undersigned of respectfully asks———that you will be pleased to pass a law declaring and defining the rights of the people of this commonwealth in the use of the means of conveyance furnished by the Railroad companies therein, in order that the officers of said companies may no longer claim the right of insulting or assaulting any of their passengers on the sole ground of a difference of color.

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To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

"No white person shall intermarry with a Negro, Indian, or Mulatto." Rev. Stat. Chap. 75, Sec. 5.

"And all marriages between a white person and a Negro, Indian or Mulatto, shall, if solemnized within this State, be absolutely void, without any decree of divorce, or other legal process."—Rev. Stat. Chap. 76, Sec. 1.

The petition of the undersigned, of———, in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, respectfully represents, that they regard the law of this commonwealth which prohibits the intermarriage of persons of different colors as, (*practically* speaking,)

1. Useless, at best,—that is, in cases where it may conveniently be evaded.
2. Far worse than useless, when enforced,—because tending to illicit and immoral connexions.

On principle, they view this law, as

1. Wrong in the sight of God, who is no respecter of persons.
2. At variance with the Constitution of the State, since it denies that "all men are born free and equal."
3. A blot upon the statue book of a free State, as being an evident vestige of the slave code.
4. As furnishing an argument to southern slaveholders, in the manifest inconsistency of such a statute with the testimony this commonwealth has repeatedly borne against the debasement of the colored race, resulting from slavery.
5. Unworthy the dignity of the commonwealth, since it stands as a perpetual insult and badge of degradation to a respectable portion of her citizens.
6. Opposed to the spirit of free institutions, which knows no difference among men, before the laws, except that of character and conduct.

Wherefore, your petitioners pray for the repeal of said law, and of all other laws of this commonwealth (if any such there be) which make any distinction among the inhabitants on account of color, or for any real or supposed difference of rates.

The above are the blank forms which the Massachusetts society has ordered to be printed for your convenience. Please to separate the petitions, and then paste each form at the head of a roll of paper, and keep the rolls in motion from hand to hand, till each person in your vicinity has had an opportunity to sign them.

When full, count the names, and endorse the petition with the first one on the list, the number of names, and the subject of the petition.

☞ *Copied* lists of names are useless.

The petitions to Congress should be forwarded as soon after the 1st of December as possible, and can go free of postage. Petitions to our own legislature should be sent early in the session, and *by private hand*, or *postage paid*, such papers being charged with letter postage.

Pray do your utmost, as you would if you had parents and children in slavery.

From the Methodist Reformer.

PRO-SLAVERY.

Perhaps a definition of this "unkind word" may not be out of place. The Latin word "*pro*," stands for the English word *for*—and when prefixed to the word *slavery*, making the compound word pro-slavery, means *for* slavery. So much for the definition of the term.

But it is said to be unkind to attach this name to men at the North, who inwardly hate slavery.—Most of us at the North would be glad to have the slave emancipated immediately—then, "how can we be pro-slavery?"

A person's sentiments and actions are two things. A person may desire to see a good object accomplished, and still never touch it himself with the weight of his finger. How, then, is he for it?

Or a person may desire the accomplishment of two objects, the accomplishment of one of which may seem to be opposed to the other—and when the two objects are clearly placed before the mind, the person is for the thing in favor of which he acts, and against the other. As, for instance, a *great* church a *pure* church, a fine salary, and a faithful discharge of duty are objects desirable, and all of which are not always attainable. But when one consents to preach so as to suit his hearers and that at the expense of his conscience, he may justly be said to be for his salary. Or, when a minister, in his eagerness for members, disregards their morals, he may justly be said to be for numbers, even though he might prefer purity, could that be made consistent with the paramount desire of his heart—numbers.

No doubt the northern portion of the church would be glad to rid themselves of fellowship with slavery, if they could do it without losing members and wealth. We can choose either, but we can't have both. Therefore we are for that which we choose. If we prefer a slaveholding church, we are plainly for slavery, and are pro-slavery in our religion. Every Christian at the North could in one moment dissolve his ecclesiastical connection with slavery, were there not "other interests" that lay near his heart—interests which he is more in favor of, than he is opposed to slavery.

Northern politicians would be glad to see slavery abolished within the jurisdiction of the U. States—but how much do they desire it? Not so much as they do the attainment of other objects. Not so much as they do the furtherance of party ends.—And when these "other interests" are put in comparison with the liberation of the slave, and they disregard the latter from the subserviency to the former, are they not pro-slavery? Are they not for slavery more than they are against it?

The Saviour teaches the doctrine of non-neutrality in questions of religion. "He that is not for me is against me," is his plain decision. He and his—himself and his poor representatives, are so singularly united, that to despise them is to despise him! Nor is his doctrine, and the code of morals which he has propagated, less intimately connected with his person. Professed attachment to his person can never atone for a disrespect to his precepts. If we are for him, we are likewise for his revealed will, practically. But how many impenitent persons profess attachment to religion—reverence it—intend, at some convenient season, to act in view of its claims—but live in their sins without the profession, much less the practice of it? And ministers of the gospel never have the modesty to tell them they are "on the Lord's side." They never tell such that they are for Christ.

The "pro and con" of a person's position is to be determined therefore, from his acts—not from his abstract wishes, or unpractised opinions.

CHINA.

We have seen (says the editor of the Boston Courier,) the original letter, of which the following is an extract. It was written by a merchant of Boston, who has resided some years in Canton, and whose veracity cannot be doubted:

CANTON, May 24, 1842.

In China, the British forces have made religion and civilization, in the eyes of the Chinese, synonymous with murder and rapine. Breaking to pieces monuments erected to the memory of the dead—digging up, and mutilating bodies—protecting with the ships of war, the opium smugglers on the coast—opening the way for them and pirates to Whampoa, where a large fleet of opium craft lie, and occasionally amusing themselves with murder—and making the settlement of Hong Kong a *sink*, where the filth of China and Europe run together—small opium shops being open, where "drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two pence," is the motto, or at any rate, the *practice*. The population is *English* soldiers and sailors, and *Chinese* rogues and prostitutes. Business at the north is so much interrupted by the innocent and hard working population being driven from their houses by the English cannon, that British imports have gone down to less than prime cost in England, and many of them will not sell at all.

And now the Americans have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Adams quoted as authority, which ought to make us all admit the "right is with the British." If he were here, he would regret the hour when he apparently lent the sanction of his name and character to the wholesale butchers of his species. When the Bogue forts were captured, the poor devils of Chinese soldiers, who were forced by their own officers to fight, finally fled and clustered together outside of the fort, on a narrow point of land, crowded upon it as far as the sea on all sides would allow, and the Indian sepoys were allowed to approach within a convenient distance, and fire into the unresisting mass, till all the men composing it were killed or wounded."

THE NEW SOUTH CAROLINA SENATOR.

We find in the Utica Daily Gazette, the following sketch of the successor of William C. Preston! Who shall say the portrait is overcharged?

George McDuffie.—The democracy of South Carolina have elected to the Senate, in the place of Wm. C. Preston, George McDuffie. This is a fit choice for the democracy of a State, where there are more slaves than freemen. George McDuffie is a free trade nullifier, of the fiercest character. He has distinguished himself, like scores of other southern politicians, not by logical, sound argument, but by his abusive, tempest-in-a-tea-pot declamation. In the year 1834, soon after the memorable abolition excitements, soon after the robbing of the mail in Charleston, soon after sundry hangings and shootings, and burnings, so characteristic of all the chivalry, he ventured, like Saul, to make his appearance among the prophets. And his prediction was as follows, to wit: that *in less than a quarter of a century, the North would have to adopt slavery,** "the corner stone of the republican edifice," as a part of her system, or universal suffrage would lay her liberties in the dust, and a despot would trample her down. In his opinion, the laboring classes are unfit to be entrusted with power, and the sons of industry must be slaves, wearing the collar and chain. What do you think of such sentiments, working-men, *democrats* of the North? How like you such "a defining of position," on the part of your fellow-soldier, in the locofoco warfare? This wonderfully wise prophet—this "largest liberty" democrat will make a capital legislator for the interest of our farmers and mechanics. He would reduce them to the condition of a chattel. He would confer upon them the inestimable blessings of South Carolina slavery. McDuffie is but a shadow of Calhoun. He echoes but the words of the great arch nullifier, the defender, par excellence, of slavery in the abstract. He is his humble follower, the most obedient soldier in his camp, and all the weight of his influence, will be employed in procuring his nomination for the Presidency. The locofoco laborers will yet be called upon to sanction, by their votes, the *democracy* of of George McDuffie and John C. Calhoun.

* "The institution of slavery, supersedes the necessity of an order of nobility. It will be fortunate for the non-slaveholding States if they are not driven to a similar institution in less than a quarter of a century."—MESSAGE OF GOV. MCDUFFIE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Communications.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Those who have the opportunity of frequently perusing the columns of the "Friend," must have been pleased with an essay under the head of "Public Calamities," which appeared in the 9th month last. It contained many sound and appropriate remarks upon the present state of public affairs. The confusion in our national councils, manifestly tending to increase the evils, which they vainly attempt to remove—pecuniary disasters, public as well as private, which have befallen us, and threaten more widely to overspread the country, unless the people, of whom this nation is composed, will repent of their sins, and, "with the weapons of truth and righteousness, enter faithfully into the Christian warfare for national prosperity."

But, in adverting to the wickedness that abounds in the land, the writer of the essay alluded to, dwells much upon *generals;* as "the Friends" too often do, whether in written or oral testimony; carefully avoiding to give point to their discourse, by specifying particular or prominent sins. We all know, that every neglect of a known duty, or violation of the Divine will, (inwardly revealed unto man,) is sin; and renders the individual obnoxious to the displeasure of the Almighty. Such disobedience doubtless contributes to swell the amount of a nation's guilt.

One of the duties of a Christian, which he is also compelled, by legal enactments, to obey, is the case wherein one person has certain knowledge of a fellow-creature being in great peril of life, by means which he is unconscious of. Such person is bound to give the alarm; and if the occasion be urgent, to warn the other of his danger, even should it be with great outcry and clamor. So it should be with the "Friends." They know, full well, the horrible evils of slavery, and its exceeding sinfulness. Although themselves free from the guilt of actual slaveholding, yet seeing the danger of impending calamity to this nation, by the continuance of that crying abomination, and the reckless indifference manifested by so many to its fearful consequences, they ought to be aroused to renewed exertions to spread the alarm, with all possible speed, amongst those who are exposed to the approaching storm.

In the frightful catalogue of crimes, in which the government of this country is directly interested, and which, by legislative enactment, receive the impress of national sins, stands, first and foremost, slavery; *that*, by way of pre-eminence, being the concrete of every sin included in the decalogue. But scarcely less atrocious in malignity, and complicated iniquity, may be mentioned the cruel treatment of the Indian natives of this country; not only by the government, immediately, but also by its perfidious connivance at the wrongs and outrages perpetrated by citizens of the United States upon "the red men of the forest," whose once powerful tribes are almost exterminated; the small remnant of their population that is still left, being reduced to the extremity of want and misery, are finally doomed, by act of Congress, to exile from the "loved land where their forefathers dwelt."

Were professing Christians as deeply sensible as they ought to be, of the wickedness of slaveholding, and of every species of oppression, as well as of that raging spirit of war and bloodshed, which so widely pervades the community, and, fostered by the government, fattens upon the poor, thoughtless, and priest-ridden people of this highly favored land—how would they tremble for themselves and for their country! How deeply should we humble ourselves, confessing our sins, and the sins of the nation, in order (if it be not too late) to obtain a cessation of the evils which have already befallen us; and to avert more terrible calamities than we have yet experienced. The danger of which, like a black cloud in the firmament, is visible to all whose intellectual sight is not darkened by sin, or natural imbecility. Therefore we say, let every one who looks with a serious mind upon this dread aspect of our affairs, "Cry aloud, and spare not."

The Society of Friends, as a religious body, have always professed to bear a faithful testimony against war; and, for a long time, decidedly so against intemperance, and the enslaving of their fellow-creatures. In respect to the last-named abomination, for many years it was in loud and trumpet tones that their principles were advocated; regardless alike of the opposition of high professors, and the violent denunciations of slaveholders, whose interested motives led them to consider both Church and State endangered by what they deemed the mistaken zeal and false philanthropy of the Quakers. Let us, then, no longer hear, as we too often have, that "Friends" still continue to bear *a silent* testimony against those heinous and glaring sins, which assuredly are bringing down public calamities upon this guilty nation. Rather, let every member of that society work openly and boldly in this noble cause, or unite with the enlightened few, who, out of all religious denominations, compose the one only true and living Church of Christ—and as opportunity occurs, (which, to the rightly exercised, will be very frequent,) "lift up their voice as a trumpet, and show unto the people their transgressions," and to the government of this nation their sins. E. N.

12th mo. 6, 1842.

AMERICAN APOSTACY—SINCE THE DAYS OF THE FATHERS.

Nothing can be clearer to the mind of a careful observer of the progress of affairs in the American government, than the growing apostacy of the people, from the high and honorable sentiments of human rights entertained in the days of our struggles with Great Britain. In that day, which tried men's souls, it was deemed the highest indication of philanthropy, that men were so imbued with the love of humanity, as to make them willing to merge all political differences of opinion, and forget all religious biases, and mutually pledge their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," in the defense of equal, universal freedom. They could, in *that* day, talk of the removal of the yoke of oppression, in *all* circles. The minister, in his pulpit, was deemed no more *out of place* as a spiritual teacher, in descanting upon the glorious boon of equal freedom, even "on the Sabbath day," than in talking of the crucifixion of the Son of God; and to talk of the "conversion of sinners," in the "sacred desk," was no more evincive of "love of souls," or of God, than to pray for relief from the chains of tyranny. The public functionary, of what grade or office soever, was not deemed disqualified for the exercise of his duties, by being a believer in the *abolition* of British tyranny, nor for using his influence to kindle the fire of freedom on the altar of every heart. The merchant, without the danger of being mobbed, the mechanic, without the loss of his customers, might safely utter the doctrine, that "ALL MEN were created *free*, and endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." No possession was too valuable, no interest too dear, no time too sacred, no spot on earth too hallowed, for the consecration which a pure-minded, philanthropic people made, of all earthly things, to the attainment of unconditional freedom. Then, WARREN could say, "Personal freedom is the natural right of *every* man; and no man, or body of men, *can*, without being *guilty of flagrant injustice*, claim the right to dispose of the person or acquisitions of other men." Without the danger of being considered a "madman," SAMUEL ADAMS could say, "*A slave cannot live in my house.*" Without the censure of "infidelity," BENJAMIN RUSH could declare, "The gentle spirits of heaven, whose happiness consists in expressions of gratitude and love, will have no fellowship with the *slaveholder.*" LAFAYETTE was none the less beloved, for calling slavery a "dark spot on the face of the nation."

A change has taken place in the affairs of America. Now, a man can hardly retain his standing as a statesman, a scholar, or "divine," while he subscribes to the sentiments of the sages before us. The doctrines of the revolution are practically repudiated, in the halls of legislation, in the courts of justice, and in the Church of God! The congress of the people now resolve, "That no petition, memorial, resolution, or other paper, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, or any State, or territory of the United States, in which it now exists, shall be received by the house, or entertained in any way whatever;" and the people offer them no rebuke for so flagrant an outrage! And the Church, in servile imitation of Congress, may resolve, "That it is inexpedient and unjustifiable for any preacher to permit colored persons to give testimony against white persons, in any State where denied that privilege by law;" and yet they do not lose standing and influence among a professedly free people! Even so far may that church go, as to *buy* and *sell* the image of her Maker, and the children of His grace; and yet be called pious! *Politicians* exalt slaveholders to the presidency; and *professors* of Christianity place a man-thief in the office of the ministry, and load him with honor and riches, *while he is binding and robbing his brother!* The capital of the people is used as a slave mart and prison-house for the innocent poor; and the meeting-houses are used as places for degrading the representatives of the Lord Jesus. Well may the spirit of the freeman utter its indignant rebuke of such impieties, in the language of WHITTIER:

"Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the holy book
Of those high words of truth, which search and burn
In warning and rebuke!
* * * * * *
Their glory and their might
Shall perish; and their very names shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a *world's liberty!*"

Imperfect as may appear to us, at this day, to be the Constitution of our country, under which the demon slavery hides for protection and defense; and low as the standard of *impartial* freedom is charged to have been in the days of *our* independence, yet far, very far have we, the "sons of the old Pilgrims," receded from *their* position. It would have been impossible, in those days, for slavery to have crushed the spirit of free inquiry, freedom of speech, of petition, and of the press, as she does in these. Her insolent demands and dastardly threats would not have sent the sons of old Hancock and Jefferson to their kennels, like whipped curs, as they have driven the representatives of northern freemen, for the last few years. Their language would have been,

"Our rights we know;
And knowing, shall *maintain.*"

The occasion of Latimer's imprisonment in a Boston jail, seems an occasion befitting the earnest inquiry of the people of Massachusetts, by the citizens of New-York, (who, with Governor Seward, resent the impious demands of slaveholders for the surrender of fugitives, with manly scorn,)

"Is the old pilgrim spirit *quenched* within ye?
Stoops the proud manhood of your souls so low,
That mammon's lure, or party's wiles, can win ye
To silence now?"

The sequel will show. And it will show, also, whether or not, with all our aberrations from the high position once occupied, there is, or is not, a redeeming spirit still alive among us. J. N. T. TUCKER.

CONNECTICUT CONVENTION.

An anti-slavery convention, for Eastern Connecticut, met at Hampton, Dec. 13th, pursuant to call.

Ebenezer Griffin was appointed president *pro tem.*

Prayer by J. Monroe.

John A. Collins, E. D. Hudson, J. Monroe, R. D. Sharp, and Philip Pearl, were appointed a business committee.

E. D. Hudson, Philip Pearl, and George Sharp, a committee to complete the organization of the convention, reported the following officers:

Philip Pearl, President.

Ebenezer Griffin, George Sharp, and Rev. Geo. May, Vice-Presidents.

Dr. Hewes, E. Scarborough, and George S. Burleigh, Secretaries.

Hudson and Monroe were appointed to take the roll of the convention. About 250 names were enrolled.

The following are the resolutions brought forward by the business committee:

1. Resolved, That the system of American slavery is inherently cruel and sinful; antichristian, anti-republican, and anti-democratic.

2. Resolved, That the chattel principle is the *American* principle, inasmuch as it is the received and governing principle of the North, as well as the South; and is an index of the character of this nation.

Whereas, The churches of this country are professedly based on the principles of love laid down by the Saviour, and advocated by His apostles, which require all who embrace them, to "love their neighbors as themselves," and to "do unto others, as they would that they should do unto them;" and whereas, our ecclesiastical organizations regard lying, theft, robbery, adultery, murder, &c. as crimes of such a character as to disqualify those in the practice of them from enjoying their fellowship and communion; that to hold such in the embrace of the Church, would make the churches responsible for their crimes, without regard to the motives of the criminal, or to the circumstances under which he was placed; and whereas, American slavery is a system which wars upon the spirit of the gospel, renders of no effect the precepts of Jesus, and tramples upon and violates every principle in the decalogue; and is, in fact, a system of legalized adultery, piracy, and murder; therefore,

3. Resolved, That the professed Christian churches, which allow slaveholders to their communion and fellowship, or are associated, in any manner, with such churches, as Christian bodies; either associations, consociations, presbyteries, synods, general assemblies, conferences, or conventions, are, according to their own admitted principles of belief, responsible for the crimes of those with whom they are associated, and should be treated as other criminals.

Whereas, It is the correct and prevailing opinion of the American people, that it is the duty, object, and aim of the ministers of the Christian religion to preach righteousness, to cry aloud against the sins of the people; therefore,

4. Resolved, That the professed minister of the gospel, who refuses to bear as faithful and unequivocal testimony against American slavery, as against any other of the crimes of the age, is either ignorant of his duty, as a gospel minister, or unfaithful to the trust imposed upon him; and in either case, should be considered disqualified to occupy the position of a minister of righteousness.

5. Resolved, That while this convention speaks thus plainly upon the dereliction of the Church and clergy on the question of emancipation, yet it has no war upon either of those bodies, *as such*, but only in so far as they stand in the way of the bondman's redemption. They hail with delight, and give the right hand of anti-slavery fellowship to all churches and ministers, who treat the slaveholders and their apologists as they do other criminals.

6. Resolved, That it is with gratitude to the great Disposer of human events, that this convention records the great measure of success, unequalled in the annals of reform, which has followed, for the last twelve years, the public labors of the few men and women engaged in the great work of emancipation, and trust that it will stimulate us to be more faithful, and to labor with more energy, zeal, and efficiency, for a few more years, that "liberty may be proclaimed throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

7. Resolved, That the indifference which the great political parties have manifested to the claims of the millions of the land, their opposition to the cause of emancipation for the last twelve years, renders them totally unworthy of the confidence and support of abolitionists; and this convention takes this opportunity to assure the members of those parties that we shall use all the means in our power to oppose the election of any and every candidate for any office in the State and national government, who is not an outspoken and out-acting abolitionist.

8. Resolved, That this convention harmonizes in the sentiments expressed by Elizur Wright, and other members of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, that "the ballot-box is not an anti-slavery argument;" that "abolitionism knows nothing of parties;" that "it is not to put anybody into office, or out of it, but to set right those who *make* office;" that "it is not an action upon the State, or Church, but upon the materials of both;" and that, with E. Wright, jr. H. B. Stanton, and James G Birney, in 1838, we "deprecate the formation of a distinct political party, and hope our friends will discountenance such an attempt, or any effort to unite our interests with any existing party;" that "such a course would surely neutralize our influence;" that "our motto should be, 'form alliance with no political party, but enstamp our principles upon all;'" that "thus acting, and rallying as one man to their support, we must be felt."

The first resolution was discussed by John A. Collins, E. D. Hudson, William Coe, J. Codding, Elias Sharp, and James Monroe; and passed.

Singing by the audience, and a recess of ten minutes, when the meeting was again called to order by the president. Singing from the "Picknick."

Second resolution brought forward, and discussed by Hudson, Monroe, and Collins, and passed; when the convention adjourned, to meet at the town hall, at six o'clock, in the evening.

Tuesday evening, met according to adjournment. President in the chair. Prayer by the Rev. George May. Third resolution was introduced, and spoken to by Mr. Ashley, of Providence, Monroe, Hudson, Codding, Collins, and the Rev. Mr. Barps. The subject was laid over to the next session. Adjourned to half past nine, Wednesday morning.

Wednesday morning, half past nine, met pursuant to adjournment. President in the chair. Prayer by Henry Coe. Report of the former day read and accepted. Singing. Third, fourth, and fifth resolutions taken up, and discussed by Ashley, Barns, Monroe, Hudson, Collins, Codding, Wm. Coe, Geo. May, Sophia Little, and C. Morse, and passed, in their order.

Recess of ten minutes. Meeting came to order.—Singing. The sixth resolution was then brought forward, and discussed by Collins, Hudson, and Codding. No action taken thereon. Adjourned to half past five o'clock, evening.

Wednesday evening, met according to adjournment. President in the chair. Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, of Plainfield. Singing from the "Picknick." Resolutions seven and eight brought forward, and accepted for discussion.

Voted, that speakers be limited to 30 minutes; also, that J. Codding be allowed one hour to support "third party."

The resolutions were discussed by Codding, Hudson, and Collins; and passed.

The sixth resolution was then taken up, and passed.

Voted, that the thanks of the convention be presented to the proprietors of the house, for its use; and to the people of Hampton, for their hospitality during the sitting of the convention.

Voted, that these proceedings be published in the National Anti-Slavery Standard, Charter Oak, and Liberator. Adjourned, *sine die.*

EDWIN SCARBOROUGH, } *Secretaries.*
GEORGE S. BURLEIGH, }

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. LXVII.

The "Patriarchal System."

I took the following account from the mouth of the sufferer, in nearly her own language. It is but one of many, that have come to my knowledge, all going to show the horrors of slavery:

"My parents were slaves to * * * * who resided in a small village called * * * * in Anderson county, North Carolina. When I was about five years old, my master moved to York, forty or fifty miles from his former residence. While here, he sold my mother to New Orleans, leaving my father at home. We remained here about three years; and during that time I was treated with great cruelty. I was frequently stripped stark naked, locked in the cellar, and while in that condition, severely whipped by mistress; frequently for small omissions of duty, and sometimes without any fault at all. So severe were the whippings, that the blood often run down to my heels, and my clothes were stiff with it.

Upon leaving York, my master removed, with his family, to Alabama. He died about three years after he went there. Being deeply involved in debt, all his property was sold by the sheriff, soon after his decease. He had seven slaves; and Dr. ******, who was a large creditor, bought them all, except my father. I was not informed who bought him, and I never saw or heard from him, after the sale. I lived with Dr. ****** four or five years. He was a good master, and treated his slaves kindly. His step-daughter married J***** A. T******, and at his death he left four of his slaves to her. I was among the number. I lived with J**** A. T***** ten or twelve years; part of the time in Mobile, he having removed there. While I lived with him, I was married to one of his neighbor's slaves. Soon after our marriage, my husband was sold and sent away. I never saw him afterwards.

I carried the key of the store-room. On one occasion, when I was busy baking cakes, one of the slaves asked me for a candle; and fearing the cakes would burn if I left them, I gave her the key, and told her to get one, and bring me the key again. Just at this juncture, my master happened to come in, and seeing the store-room open, without saying one word, he took a cane from a colored boy, who was sitting in the kitchen, and beat me over the back and shoulders. He hurt me so dreadfully, that I screamed aloud. This provoked him. He tied me by the two wrists, and drew me up, so that my toes could just touch the ground. He kept me in that condition about fifteen minutes, whipping me at short intervals, all the time, with a cowhide. I was then near being confined; and in two or three days after, I gave birth to twins. They were both dead, and I was very near losing my own life also; I kept my bed five weeks, during which time I suffered extremely.

Sometime after this event, my master moved to Marengo. I was not willing to go with him; and after they had put their goods on board the steamboat, I hid myself, and they were obliged to leave me behind. In about a week, my master returned to Mobile. I told him I was not willing to go to Marengo, and he sold me to a French butcher. Being unacquainted with their language, I could not understand them, nor they me; and after remaining with him a short time, he sold me to a Mr. C. He treated me kindly, but he lived but a short time after I went there. C**** was in debt, and his property was appraised, and sold at auction. They placed me upon a table, that the purchasers might see me. I can't describe the horror I felt for fear some person might buy me who would treat me cruelly. Several persons bid, and at length I was knocked off to a man by the name of ******, for six hundred and fifty dollars. When I found who had bought me I cried aloud. I thought I would rather die than belong to him; for I knew he was very severe with his slaves. He had a woman, who always wore a chain on her ankles, and an iron collar, with prongs, about her neck. He ordered me to leave the stand, and come down. I refused, and he threatened to pull me down. Several gentlemen, who were standing by, seeing my deep distress, persuaded him to give me up; which he did with much reluctance. I was then put up again. Mr. ****** bought me, and a few days after sold me to a gentleman of Mobile. I lived with him several years, and fared little better treatment than I had done with T****** On one occasion, my mistress took offense at one of my fellow servants, and struck her with a bucket. She had also taken offense at me, and begun to beat me with the bucket. She struck me on the arm, and made a deep wound. When she attempted to repeat the blow, I gave her a push, to keep her off. She informed my master, who became greatly enraged, and told me if I ever did the like again he would cut my hand off. He sent me to the guard house, where I was tied up, with my arms stretched out, and whipped with a cowhide; my master standing by, all the time. I was very unwell, and so weak that I could hardly keep about; but I was obliged to work so long as I was able to walk.

An old woman, by the name of Eleanor, was slave to a person in Mobile, who treated her with great cruelty. One day, she offended her mistress, and she struck her with a spoon, over the fingers, and cut them very bad. She was too old to do much work, and seeing she was used so badly by her mistress, he turned her off, and she went about three miles to an acquaintance. She had been there but a few days, when her mistress sent a constable and had her brought home. Upon her return, she sent her to the guard house to be punished. They beat her naked body with a paddle, with holes in it; after which they beat her with a cowhide, till she was dreadfully mangled. She was then sent home, but her wounds became so offensive that they again turned her away. The poor old creature died a few days after.

I had one brother and three sisters; but they were sold to different persons, and sent to different places. I have not seen them for many years, and do not expect I shall ever see them again.

I have often seen slaves, that have been so badly beaten, they were hardly able to walk. In some instances, to avoid punishment, they would take to the woods. They would hunt them with dogs; and such was their dread of being taken, that they would suffer themselves to be shot down, rather than surrender. They knew too well the sufferings that awaited them. I have known the masters to advertise their fugitive slaves, and offer a reward for them, with directions to take them, dead or alive. In the summer of 1842, my master brought me, with his family, to New-York; in consequence of which I became entitled to my freedom; for which I hope ever to be thankful.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 29, 1842.

LUKEWARMNESS.

I have just received the following copy of resolutions, passed by the Unitarian church in Duxbury, Mass. November 6, 1842:

Resolved, That, while we regard the exclusive and denunciatory tone, assumed by many anti-slavery churches and societies, towards others that do not subscribe to their doctrines and measures in full, as highly reprehensible, unjust, and injurious, we deem, nevertheless, some expression of opinion on the subject of slavery, on the part of American churches, both a right and a duty; therefore,

Resolved, That, while we are ready to admit any consideration that Christian charity requires, in excuse of the advocacy and support of slavery, on the part of individuals and States, we are constrained, notwithstanding, to pronounce the institution a sin, implicating all who uphold it, to the extent of their power to learn its true character, and put an end to its existence.

Resolved, That we feel deeply solicitous, that slavery should be abolished throughout the United States; not only on account of those in bondage, but because we regard it as subversive of our civil, social, and political well-being; incapacitating those, who are implicated in its defense or maintenance, to appreciate duly the rights of man, and carry out those principles, on which the constitution of our government is founded.

Resolved, That, while we have no intention of interfering with legislative action upon the subject of slavery, beyond our province, as the question partakes more of a moral than a political character, non-slaveholders and non-slaveholding communities have a right, in all proper ways, and on all suitable occasions, not only to discuss its demerits, but are bound, in every lawful and expedient way, to labor for its suppression, as they would for the suppression of any other great moral evil.

Resolved, That, in view of the legislative power residing in the Congress of the United States over the District of Columbia and their territories, we, as non-slaveholding citizens, are directly implicated in the existence of slavery in both, and ought to use all the means in our power, that give promise of the earliest possible removal of the evil; provided always, that they be such, as Christians and free citizens we may employ.

These resolutions certainly lay a very *velvet* paw on the fierce monster, slavery; nevertheless, I am glad to see them, for it is better to be half awake than dead asleep. So far as I know, this is the *first* expression of the kind from any Unitarian church in the United States. Its very guarded and timid style reminds me of a little one tottering along by the help of chairs and tables. Never mind—we all creep and stagger, before we learn to walk straight.

But surely, good people do not realize what slavery is, when they speak of it thus softly! This church say they are "ready to admit any consideration that Christian charity requires, in excuse of the advocacy and support of slavery." Would they say the same of murder? of adultery? of daily and continued theft? If they would, they are guilty of no inconsistency in speaking thus mildly of slavery; and doubtless in *all* cases of crime, "Christian charity requires" the kindest consideration of circumstances, and the most perfect willingness to forgive; but the *extenuation* of crime is a very different thing from the *forgiveness* of it. Men should forgive the slaveholder, as they *forgive* the murderer and the thief; but his guilt is no more to be *excused* than theirs. Does this sound harsh? Look thoughtfully at the subject for a while, and you will see that slavery comprises murder, theft, and adultery; and that not occasionally, and by accident of circumstances, as such things occur under other systems

enough; yet no member of Congress met the bloody fact with indignant, or even gentle rebuke. It could not have been thus, had not the insidious influence of slavery accustomed even the free States to regard one-sixth of the population as mere brutes and chattels. Have I not proved that slavery is murder?

That it is *theft*, scarcely needs proof. When one man remains idle at home, and year after year takes the wages of another man, his human brother, and very often his own blood brother, for whom he has never paid a cent, either for food or clothing; when he sells the wife or children of that brother, to pay his own gambling debts, or to enable him to dash away at the Astor house, or the Tremont, and the laws sanction the deed, he being himself one of the law-makers, it needs no elaborate argument to prove that theft is committed.

As for the universal and unrestrained licentiousness of the system, its most unblemishing defenders do not pretend to deny it. One of them, Achille Murat, coolly alludes to it as one of the agreeable appendages of the patriarchal institution, and implies that slaves find more than a balance for many inconveniences in the unrestrained license, which reduces them to the condition of beasts. Where a large class of women are mere chattels, entirely at the disposal of their owners, it needs very little sagacity, and but limited knowledge of human nature, to foresee the result, even if it were not written on the faces of the population.

Again I repeat, that no man, or body of men, who understand what slavery is, have a right to speak of it with more leniency than they would of murder or theft.

The resolutions say that "slavery is a sin, implicating all who approve of it, to the extent of their power to learn its true character," &c. Is not its character written on its brazen forehead? If any one wants to know what slavery is, he has but to imagine how *he* would feel, if forced to toil without wages, and could not even try to escape from such doom, without being liable to the keen torture of the whip, the tearing of bloodhounds, and the swift vengeance of the rifle. Let him imagine how he would feel, if *his* wife could be at any moment forced from his arms by any ruffian who fancied her; if *his* daughter could be placed on the auction stand, exposed to the indecent examination and brutal jokes of horse jockeys, gamblers, and slave traders.

I am willing to make great allowance for the perverted judgment, and dim moral vision, of those who are born and educated in the midst of an evil system. But I do not believe that slaveholders are ignorant of the wickedness of slavery. Doubtless they stifle conscience until it whispers faintly and seldom; but they do have convictions of sin. God does not thus leave man without a witness of himself. If it be not so, why is it that so many on their death-beds desire to emancipate their slaves? In Virginia, this became so general, that the legislature passed a law forbidding it. Randolph, of Roanoake, was an obstinate defender of slavery. Why was his death-bed haunted with such restless remorse, and why did he insist upon having a northern man, in whom he could trust, to witness the will that manumitted his slaves? He was conscience-stricken. While he fiercely defended slavery, he had all along *known* it to be wrong. A letter from Thomas Jefferson, copied in the last Standard, acknowledges that the greater number, who hold this species of property, do it with unquiet consciences.

Besides, some of the staunchest defenders of slavery went from the North, and of course were not blinded by the influences of education. A New England woman, married to a New England clergyman, but settled in the South, has been the smoothest of apologists for this foul system. Harriet Martineau wished this lady to accompany her to a slave auction. After many excuses and delays, she finally went. A mother was torn, shrieking, from her little children, who were sold to another bidder. "What do you think of slavery *now?*" inquired Harriet Martineau. "Oh, I regard it as the ordination of Providence," was the cool reply. "One portion of the human family *must* be servants to the other portion. If God ordained that the blacks should be the masters, and I and my children should be the slaves, I trust I could mount the auction stand with resignation to His will."

"You will at least give my wife credit for consistency?" said the clergyman, smiling.

"Yes," answered Harriet Martineau, with characteristic sincerity; "more credit for consistency, than for *truth*."

As for the harsh language of abolitionists, spoken of in the resolutions, as so unjust and unjustifiable, I answer, as William Lloyd Garrison once answered Samuel J. May: "We have *need* to be all on fire; for there are mountains of ice around us to melt."

UNWRITTEN WRONGS.

"Show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth, where thy *nameless martyrs* rest?
The thousands who, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For God, for Truth, for Freedom's sake,
Content the bitter cup to take."

Few examine into the subject sufficiently to be aware what a grievous amount of tyranny is practised under our free institutions. A large class of people exist in our midst, who are continually denied those common advantages of civilized life, which we justly consider the birthright of every citizen, as much as the sunlight and the air; but who takes note of this?

The poor colored woman, who toils hard for a few shillings, must hire a private vehicle, if called to the bedside of her distant, dying child; or she must ride outside the public conveyances, exposed to rain, and sleet, and snow, *because her complexion is dark*. She may be cleanly in her dress, modest in her manners, and of great personal worth; but all this avails her nothing. The dirtiest rowdy, redolent of rum and cigars, may be admitted into the same carriage with the most fastidious lady of the land; but *she* is excluded, on account of her color. Hundreds and hundreds of our colored population go to an untimely grave, through diseases incurred by exposure to all manner of discomfort in travelling. But few take note of this; and the eternal self-laudation of our Fourth-of-July orations goes on as loudly as ever. "*Here*, the rights of all are respected," cries the orator; "*we* have no order of nobility; the rights of the meanest citizen among us are respected."

Ask the intelligent young colored man, contemptuously thrust away from colleges and seminaries of learning, throughout the whole length and breadth of the land, what he thinks of this equality of privileges. Ask the laboring man, who pays a tax for schools, from which his own children are excluded, for no other sin but that of a dark complexion. Ask the poor woman lingering in consumption, which came upon her by exposure to the cold night air, on the deck of a steamboat, into the cabin of which money could not purchase her entrance.

But of these wrongs few think, and fewer speak; it is more agreeable and more popular to laud "our glorious institutions."

Here and there, tender hearts suffer in view of these things, and tender consciences resist the wrong. Of this number, is our good friend, Joseph Carpenter, of New Rochelle; one of the best specimens of Quakers as they were in the olden time. He was called upon, last summer, to pay a tax towards supporting the school in the second district of that town. He expressed a cordial readiness to contribute his full proportion, provided *all* the children of the district were allowed to attend, with equal privileges. It had been the custom to exclude *colored* children; therefore this republican, and apparently harmless, proposition, at once produced excitement. After some animated discussion, it was finally decided that colored and white children had equal rights, and ought to be protected in them. The worthy man left the meeting well satisfied; having stated that had the decision been otherwise, he should have felt conscientious scruples about contributing anything toward the school.

The school went into operation, and colored men, in common with others, were taxed for its support; but, contrary to promise, *colored* children were excluded.—One colored man sent his son for several months, and paid his quota all the time, but the teacher never heard him a single lesson, and took no more notice of him than if a poodle-dog had entered the school. The case was made known to Samuel Young, superintendent of common schools, at Albany. He decided that colored scholars ought to go to the *colored* school at New Rochelle. This school is five miles from Friend Carpenter's, who often has colored lads in his employ, whom he wishes to send to school in the winter months. It is four miles from the colored men, who pay taxes for this second district school. Had the superintendent at Albany been aware of these facts, would he have decided that boys must travel this long distance in short, wintry days, merely because their *complexion* was darker than other boys in the school?

This is one among many instances, to prove the injudiciousness of having separate colored schools. They widen the gulph between two classes, who have great need to unlearn contempt and envy of each other; they perpetuate a prejudice instilled by education and custom, not by nature; they compel the ignorant to herd together, without the improving influence of those who have had better advantages; and they afford a pretext for exclusion, in the very teeth of common justice and humanity.

The trustees of this second district school in New Rochelle, are named Peter J. Sherwood, John Roe, and Leonard Secor. Although the promised terms were so rudely broken, Friend Carpenter was called upon to pay his tax. He quietly replied, that his conscience would not permit him to aid in the support of a school, which excluded the children of the poorest citizens—the very ones that had most need of the advantages it offered. The same high-handed tyranny that trampled on the rights of colored citizens, attempted to coerce the conscience of the good man, who calmly and wisely reproved such unchristian proceedings. They seized his best cow, worth three times as much as his tax, and sold her for half her value, at auction. What they did with the balance, I know not. Had they offered it to Joseph Carpenter, he would not have soiled his clean hands, by having anything to do with the mean transaction.

Not long ago, this conscientious individual, who is disposed to be most liberal for the *good* of his fellow-creatures, was required to pay a military tax. This he could not do; for to his nice moral perceptions it was the same as paying for murder. On that occasion, too, his best cow was seized, and sold at auction, though the tax was but a few dollars, and they might easily have taken something of less value. The victim of an unjust government made no complaint, and kindly invited the sheriff and his associates to dine. This gentleness reached their hearts. They felt ashamed of the proceeding, and would fain have refunded the balance; but they had made it "the price of blood," and the friend would not pollute his conscience with it.

How long will such things go on in a Christian community, and men of worth and influence restrain their indignation? Verily, our boasted free institutions are a bitter jest to a large class among us!—L. M. C.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The Rev. George B. Cheever, in his recent address before the New England Society, in New-York, spoke of Slavery as the growth of bad seed early sown in this land, and threatening terrible danger to our national prosperity and free institutions.

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, in a recent lecture before the Mercantile Association in New-York, likewise bore a bold testimony against the peculiar institution. Thus do fragmentary echoes of truth reach the ears of this deluded people, sleeping as they are over a volcano.

"Longfellow, whose graceful and harmonious numbers have deservedly given him a very high rank among our popular poets, has recently published a small volume of Poems on Slavery. We rejoice to see *such* a writer true to himself and to humanity. Many of our authors, whose early productions were full of promise, soon ceased to grow, morally or intellectually, because they did not dare to be true to their own convictions. They laid their heads in the world's lap, and suffered themselves to be shorn of their strength.

This volume of Longfellow's is characterized by his usual beauty of style, while it is bolder, more energetic, and more earnest in its thought.

The following is a specimen:

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For death had illumed the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

PETITIONS.

In another column will be seen forms of petitions now being circulated in Massachusetts. Most of them, with very slight variation, will answer equally well for other States. We hear people continually saying they would gladly do something for the anti-slavery cause if they knew what to do. Here is something for them to do. Let them copy these petitions, and put themselves in the way of all gatherings of the people, and get as many signers as they can. No matter if they are not received by Congress; the knowledge that they are *sent* has its influence on the minds of legislators, and will essentially modify their proceedings.

We hope and trust that the Latimer Petition will really be a GREAT PETITION—as magnificent in its size, as it is in its principles. We see by the Liberator, that the "liberty party" are trying to get possession of these petitions, to make *political capital* for the advancement of their own party. We trust that this spontaneous expression of a free people will not be perverted to any such partisan use. If it is allowed so to be, the moral influence of the movement will be well nigh destroyed. Men who are striving to put each other into office, do bring their philanthropy into suspicion with the people. They may be perfectly sincere and upright in their motives, and doubtless many of them are so; but the people cannot get over an involuntary distrust of the disinterestedness of a man, who labors to make them give their votes for none but an outspoken and active abolitionist, while at the same time his own name figures before the public as a candidate for political honors and emoluments.

Our feelings are strongly arrayed against the "liberty party" movement; not on account of ill-will, or prejudice against those concerned in it, or the slightest predilection for either of the two other parties, or any wish to depreciate the importance of anti-slavery action on the politics of the country; but because we consider it the greatest obstacle ever thrown across our path, to obstruct the real progress of true anti-slavery principles. It brings our motives into distrust, not merely with those who *wish* to find fault with us, as an excuse for their own pro-slavery, but with really honest well-wishers to the cause.

THE VIRGINIA GOVERNOR.

The "Old Dominion" has at last elected a governor, after having done with a substitute two years. The successful candidate was Mr. McDowell, of Western Virginia. It was objected against him, in the House of Delegates, that he had been guilty of the enormous crime of advocating the policy of emancipation, in the legislature of Virginia in the famous debate of '32; and was therefore a very improper man to carry on a correspondence with Massachusetts, in relation to her misdemeanors in the Latimer case. As an offset to this, his friends urged the fact that a few years ago he delivered an address before a literary society in Princeton college, in which he lashed the abolitionists, and praised the peculiar institution. He was therefore considered fit to chastise Massachusetts, and was elected. The other candidate was ex-ambassador Stevenson, who was going to fight a duel with O'Connell, for saying that Virginia gentlemen were slave-breeders. One would suppose he would have been a still more suitable person to correspond with rebellious New England, and whip her into order.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

I think it quite uncertain whether anything of much interest transpires this session. The southern members, it is said, have lost their fierce spirit, ever since the petitions for the dissolution of the Union. There was much more of an *eclaircissement* at that time, than appeared to those at a distance. The hottest and most insolent southerners came up to such men as Fillmore and Briggs, swearing that they would dissolve this Union d——d quick. The northern members quietly replied, "Very well; we are ready for it."

If perverse children, who go without food to punish their parents, were to see all the eatables taken away, and locked up, it would not fill them with more consternation, than this development did the southern blusterers.

The prevailing sentiment here, just now, seems to be that no attempt to annex Texas will be made this session; but Mr. Adams feels persuaded that the project will never be abandoned. It is safest for abolitionists to be perpetually on the *qui-vive*.

W. L. GARRISON.

This most zealous, disinterested, and upright friend of humanity, was attacked with malignant scarlet fever soon after his return from the recent conventions in Western New-York. For a few days, his life was thought to be in danger; but we rejoice to hear that he is now considered convalescent, though still in a state of great bodily weakness.

☞ LATIMER.—The Boston papers state that the governor of Virginia has demanded Latimer, and that Gov. Davis, of Massachusetts, has *refused to give him up*.

☞ S. Graham will lecture on Diet, Physiology, &c., at the Society Library, on the 5th, 7th, and 9th, of January next.

Anti-Slavery Items.

NEW-YORK AND VIRGINIA.—The masters and owners of vessels, trading to the ports of Virginia, have sent a memorial to the legislature of New-York, complaining of the incessant and reiterated taxes upon them, as a retaliation upon New-York for refusing to surrender certain of her citizens charged with aiding the escape of a slave from Virginia, in 1838. They likewise complain loudly of outrages practiced upon New-York vessels, by armed desperadoes, under the pretense of being authorized inspectors. Unless something is done to cause Virginia to repeal this odious law, they threaten, not very wisely, to take the matter into their own hands, and resist aggression by force.

COLONIZATION BROTHERHOOD.—The Maryland State Colonization Society lately advertised a public meeting in the Baltimore papers. The public were respectfully invited to attend, with a notice that *the galleries were reserved for the colored people*. How worse than useless must be all efforts to benefit a race, when we at the same time build up a partition wall of pride between them and us.

NELSON HACKETT.—The American and Foreign Reporter states that this unfortunate fugitive, who was given up by the governor of Canada, on requisition of the governor of Arkansas, was sold into Texas, after being publicly whipped.

SLAVE AUCTION IN THE NORTH.—A colored man was lately sold at auction at Chicago, Ill. by the sheriff of Cook county, for one month, to the highest bidder; because the said colored man was at work quietly in a field, without having a certificate of freedom. A large company assembled to witness the novel spectacle, but were unwilling to bid. At length, to save the poor fellow from being committed to jail again, a man bid him off for a month, for *twenty-five* cents. The whole scene was disgusting to the citizens present.—*Sig. of Liberty.*

A WORD ABOUT THE WEST INDIES.—We frequently see in the newspapers, accounts of the depressed state of trade and agriculture in the British West Indies, with reflections on the unhappy results of *negro emancipation*. The following extract from a speech delivered last summer by the governor of Guadaloupe to the council of that island, *where slavery still exists in full vigor*, shows that the embarrassments of the West Indies arise from other causes than emancipation:

"Gentlemen—The commercial crisis which afflicts the colonies at this moment, will leave profound traces of its progress through Guadaloupe. Bankruptcy threatens the most established houses; the planter, deceived in his hopes, unable to meet his engagements, draws scarcely from his depreciated produce the means of supporting his family. Such is the present state of our unfortunate country; such is the state of the population of our colonies."

The Barbadoes Liberal, of August, thus comments on this speech: "Our neighbors in the foreign colonies, although surrounded by all the inestimable blessings of slavery—whips, chains, dungeons, &c. of course labor in abundance, and as cheap as they please, do not seem to be a jot better for it, in these hard times. They are feeling the pinch of the money crisis, and suffering from it, apparently even more than the victims of abolition experiments' in the British colonies."—*N. Y. Express.*

ANTI-ABOLITION.—An anti-abolition society has been formed in St. Charles, Missouri. The preamble sets forth, that "whereas the fell spirit of eastern abolitionism, like a hydra-headed serpent, is still lurking among them, producing disaffection and disturbance, whereby some of their oldest and most esteemed fellow-citizens have suffered much loss, they therefore resolve to keep their slaves in subjection, and *institute inquiries into the opinion of individuals.*" They had better exchange their *property* for some not so locomotive in its character.—*Signal of Liberty.*

THE LATIMER CASE.—The people of Virginia cry out lustily against the late proceedings in Boston, to procure the liberation of Latimer; and the whole South joins in accusing the people of Massachusetts of a violation of the Constitution in seeking the passage of laws making every man a freeman when he enters that State. But Virginia expressly violates the Constitution, in taxing all New-York vessels in her waters. Louisiana assumes the right to make every black man from a free State, found within her territory, a slave. One of the conditions upon which the Constitution recognized the right of the citizens of certain States to "persons held to service," was that all free citizens of other States should be free in every State. Yet South Carolina tramples down this provision, by claiming the right, under a law of her own, to arrest, imprison, and sell a free man of Massachusetts; and this, too, for no other offense than that of being found within her borders. If South Carolina and Louisiana have the right to preserve their soil from the contamination of freedom, Massachusetts should have the privilege of securing herself from the encroachments of slavery.—*North American.*

THE SLAVE QUESTION IN CONGRESS.—Among the exciting questions that will come before the present Congress, will be the annexation of Texas to the Union, and the subject of slavery generally. The discussion of this last subject can be no longer staved off. It will come up in so many relations, that it must be considered. The southern members will themselves bring it prominently forward. An intense feeling has been excited among all classes south of the Potomac, by the late slave case at Boston. By the late decision of the United States Supreme Court, in the case of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania vs. Prigg, it will be remembered that State laws, prescribing the process to be pursued by owners of fugitive slaves for the recovery of their property, were declared to be virtually null—the law of Congress of '93 overruling all State enactments. By that law, a slave owner was allowed to seize the fugitive wherever found; but it made no provision for the detention of the slave, so that if the owner was not strong enough to hold him, no officer could be compelled to assist. This was precisely the case at Boston. Gray, the alledged owner, seized Latimer; but neither the sheriff, nor any other officer being bound to aid in detaining the slave, the latter went free. To supply this deficiency in the law, the South will ask for additional enactments, and this will perforce open the whole subject.

The excitement at the South, fervent as it is, is almost equalled by a directly opposite feeling in Massachusetts. Petitions are in circulation, in every town in that State, and will of course receive an immense number of signatures, praying Congress to pass such laws, and to propose such amendments to the Constitution of the United States, as shall forever separate the people of Massachusetts from all connection with slavery. How this is to be done, we do not clearly comprehend.

We have given, of late, more prominence to this subject than is our wont; because, in all its bearings, it is the most important that can be agitated; and the storm which has so long been apprehended, is rapidly approaching. The question should be met as becomes calm, considerate men.—*Buffalo Journal.*

SLAVE STATES.—The slave States are evidently troubled. It is often said, that the abolition agitation has done harm in those States. Lately, in conversation with a gentleman of high intelligence, the owner of numerous slaves, he mentioned of his own accord this popular objection, and said he happened to know better. The agitation you have got up in the North, said he, notwithstanding the occasional extravagances of some of your friends, has done, and is doing, good in the South. Its influence is continually pressing on the mind of the slaveholder. It is developing truths, which he can neither combat nor evade. He then spoke of the rapid progress of anti-slavery sentiment in his own State. This man lives in one of the heaviest slaveholding districts of the South, and has been in public life.—*Philanthropist.*

Congress.

Nothing of importance has transpired. There have been long debates on the repeal of the Bankrupt law, on the general Appropriation Bill, and on the bill for refunding Gen. Jackson, with interest, the fine imposed on him in the year 1814, by the district court in Louisiana.

When Mr. Everett, of Vermont, gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill "to revive and establish the public credit," great laughter ensued.

In the Senate, Mr. Benton, of Missouri, every day renews his violent attacks upon portions of the British treaty. He calls loudly for information from the President what danger there was of leaving "the laws and the obligations" of the United States in relation to the suppression of the slave trade to be "executed by others," if we did not "*remove their pretext and motive for violating our flag and executing our laws,*" by entering into the stipulations for the African squadron, and the remonstrating sentences which are contained in the eighth and ninth articles of the late British treaty. He insists upon the propriety of developing, by this call, the recent intrigue by which we had been compelled to pay tribute to Great Britain, under the pretext of suppressing the slave trade. We are, said Mr. B. to keep a thousand men in the African seas; we are to expend money and life there, and all this we are to do under a *threat* of Great Britain, and of the holy alliance, that if we do not this, they will execute our laws for us. In fact, if we do not this, they are to seize and search our vessels. We purchase from them the freedom of navigation, by paying tribute in money and ships. I wish to see the facts on which this government has come to this conclusion.

Mr. Linn submitted the following:

Resolved, That the President be requested to inform the senate the nature and extent of the "informal communications" which took place between the American Secretary of State and the British special minister during the late negotiations at Washington city, upon "the subject of the claims of the United States and Great Britain to the country west of the Rocky Mountains;" and also to inform the senate, what were the reasons which prevented "*any agreement upon the subject at present,*" and which made it "*inexpedient to include that subject among the subjects of formal negotiation.*"

Mr. Benton submitted the following:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to inform the senate whether the late special minister from Great Britain to the United States made any proposition, informal or otherwise, to the negotiation on the part of the United States for the assumption or guaranty of the State debts by the government of the United States to the holders of said debts.

In answer to these inquiries the President announced that Lord Ashburton made no proposal to our Secretary of State for an assumption of the State debts by the general government; and that with regard to the "informal communications" from Lord Ashburton, on the subject of the claims of the United States, and Great Britain to the country west of the Rocky Mountains, "and also the reasons which prevented any agreement on the subject at present;" he cannot give the information at present, without injury to the public service.

Richard W. Habersham, whig member of the House, died on the 2d instant, at his residence in Habersham county, Georgia. He had occupied several offices of honor and trust under the State and Federal governments.

Judge Huger is elected to the senate, in place of John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, resigned, and George McDuffie, in place of Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina resigned. Wm. H. Haywood is elected senator, from North Carolina, in place of William Graham, whose term expires on the 4th of March next.

It is said there has been a little plot in the committee on claims to remove their chairman, Mr. Giddings, on the ground of his unacceptability as an anti-slavery man. The members of the committee who attempted the movement were Mr. Medill, (democratic member from Ohio,) and Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee. Mr. Warren of Georgia, and Mr. Burke, democratic member from New Hampshire, refused to join in the scheme, and it failed. Mr. Giddings's situation as chairman is one that requires great labor, with little chance for renown; and men of all parties agree that he has discharged its duties with great diligence and uprightness.

Mr. Giddings happened to take a vacant seat next to that of Mr. Snyder, as zealous a democrat and anti-abolitionist, as Mr. Giddings is Whig and anti-slavery. The next day there appeared a partition between the two desks. Mr. Giddings, instead of inquiring whether his neighbor meant to insult him, treated the boyish affair with characteristic good humor.

Some wag wrote on one side of the wall of division,

"Great wits to madness, sure are near allied,
And slight PARTITIONS doth their bounds divide."

The next day the following lines were posted on Mr. Snyder's side:

"This line 's the act of mutual concession,
This—the white side, the other, abolition;
White, the emblem of the living God,
Black was Cain, when marked for Nod."

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

The Chinese War Ended!—This war, so disgraceful to Great Britain, is at last brought to a close. The poor, terrified Chinese, have submitted to all demands. It seems that the city of Nankin yielded, in consternation, to Sir Henry Pottinger, without striking a blow. Keang Foo, which is the key to the grand canal, was attacked, as a preparatory step to invading Nankin. A camp in the neighborhood was carried at once, the Chinese flying in all directions; but the city, which was strongly fortified, was defended with devoted gallantry: one-third of the garrison of 3000 Tartar soldiers laying down their lives in the hopeless struggle. Among the killed were forty mandarins; and the general, when all was lost, repaired to his house, seated himself in a chair in calm and brave despair, and making the servants set the building on fire, was consumed to ashes. On the part of the British there were killed four officers and eleven wounded, and one hundred and thirty-four men were killed and wounded. The fleet then proceeded towards Nanking, took up its position there on the 6th of August, and immediately prepared for an assault on the city. A strong force was landed, and operations were about to commence, when suddenly the Chinese solicited a truce, intimating the approach of a delegation from the emperor. Three commissioners, one of whom was of the royal house, arrived on the 15th, and on the 29th of August a treaty was signed on board H. M. S. Cornwallis, by them and Sir Henry Pottinger, of which the following are the articles:

"1. Lasting peace and friendship between the two empires

"2. China to pay $21,000,000 in the course of the present and three succeeding years.

"3. The ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow-foo, Ningpoo, and Shanghai to be thrown open to British merchants; consular officers to be appointed to reside at them; and regular and just tariffs of import and export (as well as inland transit) to be established and published.

"4. The island of Hong Kong to be ceded in perpetuity to her Britannic majesty, her heirs and successors.

"5. All subjects of her Britannic majesty (whether natives of Europe or India) who may be confined in any part of the Chinese empire, to be unconditionally released.

"6. An act of full and entire amnesty to be published by the emperor, under his imperial sign manual and seal, to all Chinese subjects, on account of their having held service or intercourse with, or resided under, the British government or its officers.

"7. Correspondence to be conducted on terms of perfect equality amongst the officers of both governments.

"8. On the emperor's assent being received to the treaty and the payment of the first instalment, $6,000,000, her Britannic majesty's forces to retire from Nankin and the Grand Canal, and the military posts at Chinhai to be also withdrawn, but the islands of Chusan and Kalangsoo are to be held till the money payments and the arrangements for opening the ports be completed."

Half the first instalment agreed to by the treaty has been already paid. It is said that of the $21,000,000 to be paid by the Chinese, $3,000,000 are for Hong merchants' debts, $6,000,000 for the opium, and the remaining $12,000,000 *for the expenses of the war!* This is being hung and paying for the halter, with a vengeance!

This war was most iniquitous in its origin, and in its progress as shameful to Great Britain as the deliberate slaughter of frightened sheep; still there is reason for congratulation in the event, which seems to open that populous, productive, and hitherto inaccessible empire to the light of civilization and Christianity.

The news of the treaty was received with great joy in England. A fresh impulse was given to trade, and the ladies wore little tea-trays for breast-pins.

The first Protestant house of worship in China, was dedicated on the 17th of July, at Hong Kong.

The Affghan War Ended!—On the 5th of September Ghuznee was invested, but the enemy evacuated it without striking a blow, when this stronghold of the Affghans was entered by the British, and in a few days became a heap of ruins. General Pollock, in his advance to Cabul, was opposed at the Tezeen Pass, on the 13th of September, by 16,000 of the enemy, whom he repulsed with great slaughter. The next day he advanced to Boodkhak; on the 15th he encamped on the race-course of Cabul; and on the 16th the British colors waved over the Bala Hissar. All the prisoners were rescued, with only one exception. The governor general has issued a proclamation, declaring that the British army will now be withdrawn, and the Affghans left to "create a government amidst the anarchy which is the consequence of their crimes."

The poor Affghans are doubtless glad of their absence, on any terms. It is supposed the British have lost not less than 15,000 lives in this war.

The Corn Laws.—Anti-corn-law meetings continue to be held and fully attended, and it is confidently expected in many quarters, that the corn-laws will be abolished. Two gentlemen, proprietors of land near Kilkenny, named Scully and Mortimer, were recently assassinated, as is supposed, by tenants whom they had ejected.—Manufacturing interests are decidedly improving, and there is a great degree of activity in the Liverpool cotton market.

Seventy-seven of the persons engaged in the late English riots have been transported — four hundred and seventy brought to trial, and thirty-one traversed until the assizes. The thirty-one traversers are the principal offenders, comprising as they do the executive council of the chartists, with Mr. Fergus O'Connor at their head.

Spain.—There has been a very serious insurrection at Barcelona, against the Regent Espartero. The junta of Barcelona issued a proclamation stating the demands of the people to be, 1. Espartero's dethronement; 2 Constitutional cortes, and 3. Justice and Protection for National Industry. The cortes promised aid to Espartero, who prepared for bombarding Barcelona, and issued his proclamation against the insurgents. His preparation had the desired effect, and his power was thus greatly strengthened by the outbreak.

Cuba and Haiti.—A war between these two islands was lately threatened. It seems that a small armed vessel cruising about, put into Porto Rico, where she was at once taken possession of by the authorities; slaveholding islands having, for obvious reasons, great dread of their free colored neighbors. Soon after, two Spanish ships, laden with flour, were captured by a Haytien corvette. The Spanish government supposed this to be an act of retaliation, and were highly indignant. A squadron was immediately fitted out from Cuba to make reprisals. Port au Prince was blockaded, and several English men of war went there to look after British interests. A letter from Havana, published in the New Orleans Bee, gives the following explanation of the affair:

"The negroes declare that they were driven to this act of piracy by famine, and that they were perishing from hunger, as the late earthquake had destroyed every thing which they possessed. It appears that the blacks were in command of a ship, and numbered from fifty to sixty men."

Texas.—The accounts from the army are vague and contradictory. Many of the men have returned, but it is said that the greater part of the force is in the vicinity of Bexar, and determined to proceed to Mexico.

The seat of government has been temporarily removed to Washington, and the members have been tarrying about the place for a month, refusing to organize, because the western members wish to meet at Houston.

President Houston's message to Congress gives no additional information in respect to the foreign relations. The recent invasion of Texas is made the subject of comment. The tone of the message is said to be hostile to any invasion of Mexico, on the part of Texas. The message represents the country to be in a deplorable state, its resources crippled, its circulation valueless and its credit extinguished. The army is stated to number about 850 men, on its march to Rio Grande. Nothing is said of the Navy.

General Items.

The Sandwich Islands.—Timeteo Haalilio, secretary to the king of the Sandwich Islands, has arrived at Washington, in company with Rev. William Richards, missionary from those islands. They come as special envoys from the government of the Sandwich Islands to the governments of the United States, Great Britain, and France, and of course at the expense of the government that sends them. The object of their mission is said to be to obtain an acknowledgment of Sandwich Island independence.

Slavers.—Three slave ships have been recently captured by the British cruiser, Water Witch. One small vessel, on the 29th of August, with 63 slaves; on the 28th a schooner, and on the 21st Sept. a large brigantine at anchor in Elephant Bay, ready to embark 400 slaves who were waiting on shore. It is to be hoped that the liberated Africans will not be carried into the British West Indies, and *indented as apprentices.* The planters there have not yet unlearned slaveholding habits, and are not to be trusted where negroes are concerned. It is well that the British abolitionists are very jealous and vigilant on this point.

Slaves.—Some of the slaves confined in the Baton Rouge penitentiary were recently temporarily taken out to do some repairs to the embankment of Fausse river. While there, three or four of them escaped from the guard, and two others, in attempting to do so, were shot.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Another Warning about Fire Arms.—Mr. Asa Dyer, of Vinalhaven, was fixing the lock of his gun, (which was loaded with heavy buck shot,) when it accidentally went off, and the whole contents took effect in the leg of his wife, who was then standing by the glass. Her husband immediately started to call a neighbor, about half a mile from his residence; but when he returned, he found her a corpse. She had bled to death. One of her legs was literally torn to pieces. She was twenty-five years of age, and left one child, about five years old.—*Portland American.*

South American Cotton.—A letter from Bogota, to the New-York Journal of Commerce, says: "You will be surprised to learn that *Sea Island Cotton* has become a great article of *export*; it cost about three bits to raise, and it can be sold at Carthagena at five bits a pound, and pay a handsome profit. The government can therefore afford to put on an export duty of two cents a pound, and then undersell the North American planter. This, you will perceive, would furnish at once a source of revenue sufficient to pay their small debt. The people of these 'diggins' don't 'repudiate;' that being a word not known in the Spanish vocabulary."

New Orleans Prisons.—In the report of the grand jury of New Orleans, charged with the investigation of abuses in the second municipality workhouse, we find the following:

"In a dungeon, admitting of no air whatever, was found a prisoner who was there detained in consequence of an attempt at murder on one of the keepers. In this dungeon is constructed a certain machine, into which it is customary for the keepers to place and lock up such of the prisoners, who, in their opinion, deserve punishment. There the prisoner is placed, with both his feet in two stationary iron rings, his neck in an iron collar, formed by two iron bars firmly fixed to the wall, whilst his arms are stretched, so that he cannot move in any way. Besides, a load of weight is placed upon his head. The grand jury cannot refrain from noticing this strange mode of discipline, adopted in this prison; and calling the attention of the proper authority."

In the same report, the grand jury present the case of whipping *white* women, as a barbarous mode of treatment.

To whip *colored* women is of course very humane and respectable, according to the refined public sentiment of that region.

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.

To the friends of the slave, in the counties of Oswego, Onondaga, and Cayuga, New-York.

The American Anti-Slavery Society has made arrangements to hold a series of anti-slavery conventions, in the towns and counties following, at the times and places specified in the annexed table; at which our faithful and devoted friends, J. N. T. Tucker, and Ezra C. Smith, have consented to be present. Other speakers will probably be in attendance.

Oswego County.

Mexico, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30 and 31.
New Haven, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 3 and 4.
Colosse, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6 and 7.
Fort Brewerton, Tues. and Wednesday, Jan. 10 and 11.

Onondaga County.

Cicero, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13 and 14.
Clay, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 17 and 18.
Liverpool, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20 and 21.
Elbridge, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 24 and 25.
Jordon, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27 and 28.
Sennet, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 31 and Feb. 1.

The friends of the cause of human rights in the foregoing places and vicinity, are earnestly requested to have the notices of these meetings as widely circulated as possible, and to secure places for holding them. Let no pains be spared, on your part, to secure numerous gatherings. This is a most favorable season for prosecuting the anti-slavery movement. The farmers at this season of the year are at leisure. The people need light on this question, and they *must* have it. By your hearty co-operation with Messrs. Smith and Tucker, these places may be fully abolitionized. Let the deep affliction and bitter cries of the helpless victim reach your ears and hearts, that you may go and do as those "remembering a brother in bonds," or a sister in the chains of a terrible despotism.

☞ Friends of the slave! friends Tucker and Smith are cordially commended to your confidence, hospitality, and liberality. JOHN A. COLLINS,
Gen. Agent A. A. S. S.

CONVENTIONS IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

James N. Blakesley and Jacob Ferris, agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will attend conventions to be holden at the following places, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. and to continue two days.

Wayne County.

Williamson, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30 and 31.
Marion, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 3 and 4.
Palmyra, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6 and 7.

Messrs. Blakesly and Ferris will lecture on the intermediate evenings, at such places as the friends shall think proper.

The friends of the slave in the different localities are requested to make all the necessary arrangements, and extend the notice as widely as possible. A more favorable time has never been known, to impress the public mind with anti-slavery truth. A spirit of inquiry is abroad in the land, which will not down at any man's bidding. The slave is still clanking his chains on our soil, anxiously waiting the dawn of freedom's day.—His soul is crushed beneath the ponderous weight of despotism; his energies are dried up; his intellect blasted; his sympathies mocked, and his affections outraged.—Friends, let us be up and doing!

Brethren Blakesly and Ferris are commended to your confidence; and it is hoped you will cheerfully co-operate with them in awakening the public mind, in forming societies, circulating periodicals and tracts, raising funds and such other things as will tend to forward the glorious cause of freedom. JOHN A. COLLINS,
Gen. Agent A. A. S. S.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in Boston, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, January 25th, 26th, and 27th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. The mee

Poetry.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still, he doth not move,
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above:
He gave me a friend and a true, true-love
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er;
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold my friend,
And the New Year, blith and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock,
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps; the light burns low,
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die:
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you;
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone!
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY L. E. LANDON.

I stood between the meeting Years,
The coming and the Past,
And I asked of the future one,
Wilt thou be like the last?

The same in many a sleepless night,
In many an anxious day?
Thank Heaven! I have no prophet's eye
To look upon thy way!

Shadows of faded Hopes flit by,
And ghosts of Pleasures fled;
How they have changed from what they were:
Cold, colorless, and dead.

I think on many a wasted hour,
And sicken o'er the void;
And many darker are behind,
On worse than naught employed.

Oh Vanity! alas, my heart!
How widely hast thou stray'd,
And misused every golden gift,
For every purpose made!

I think on many a once loved friend,
As nothing to me now;
And what can mark the lapse of time,
As does an alter'd brow?

Perhaps 'twas but a careless word,
That sever'd Friendship's chain;
And angry pride stands by each gap,
Lest they unite again.

Less sad, albeit more terrible,
To think upon the dead,
Who quiet in their lonely grave
Lay down their weary head.

For faith, and hope, and peace, and trust,
Are with their happier lot;
Though broken is their bond of love;
At least we broke it not.

Thus thinking of the meeting years,
The coming and the past,
I needs must ask the future one,
Wilt thou be like the last?

There came a sound, but not of speech,
That to my thought replied,
"Misery is the marriage-gift
That waits a mortal bride;

"But lift thine hope from this base earth,
This waste of worldly care,
And wed thy faith to yon bright sky,
For happiness dwells there!"

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Farewell, farewell, thou passing year,
But yet a few hours more,
And Time will shroud thee with his veil,
And thy brief reign be o'er!

Thus quickly passes life away,
And years as they roll by,
Seem with a mournful warning voice,
To tell us we must die.

Full many a bright and joyous form—
Full many a beauteous brow—
That smil'd and welcom'd thine approach
Is in the cold grave now!

Little they dream'd in summer's prime,
Their hours were fleeting fast;
Or that upon this world's sunshine
They soon must look their last!

Alas! alas! for those who mourn
Their dearest treasures gone,
And miss the sight of gladd'ning eyes,
They lov'd to look upon!

A mingled thing thou art, O year!
To some with trouble rife,
To others bringing happiness,
Too bright to last in life.

All blissful is the coming year,
To those in early youth;
Ere this world's treachery and deceit
Have darkened their fair truth.

To such, life seems a smiling plain,
All gayly deck'd with flow'rs;
Alas! a ferious blast ere long
Will shake their roseate bow'rs.

Yet smile on *now*, ye happy forms,
For bright as life appears,
Soon, far *too* soon, your hearts will *feel*
This is a vale of tears.

And yet thy course, O passing year!
Has brought few ills to me;
No broken ties—no wounded hopes—
Mar my tranquillity.

What then—tho' piercing thorns full oft.
In life's pathway be met,
Shall I repine while those I love
Are spared to bless me yet?

Miscellany.

LOVE CONQUERETH EVIL.

From "The Neighbors," a beautiful Swedish book, translated by Mary Howett. In order to understand this extract, it is necessary to know that Bruno, a man of powerful character and strong affections, made reckless by harshness toward his youth, becomes repentant, and is betrothed to a human dove, named Serena. Hagar, a Jewess, is his cast off mistress, of other years. Stung with jealousy, she attempts to stab Serena. Her lover wards off the blow, so that the wound is slight. Hagar, in rage and despair, stabs herself.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Jealousy knocked at the door of my heart,
And cried, "Kill! kill!"

In a hushed room, which looked into a garden, lay the sick and guilty Hagar, nursed as if she had been a beloved child of the house. A few days had passed, and Hagar lay now in delirium, now in consciousness. Dr. Werner sat at her bedside, regarding with astonishment the conflict of passions which had never disturbed his own peaceful soul. Besides him, and a maid which waited on her, Hagar saw no one; an invisible genius watched faithfully over her. The embrocations which refreshed her burning forehead, the draughts which stilled the pain of her wound, were handed to her by Serena.

One evening she lay in a restless slumber. Serena was alone with her, and stole quietly forward to contemplate her for a moment. "God be praised!" whispered her lips: "God be praised! thou sleepest, poor and to-be-pitied one. Thou hast destroyed my happiness; but oh, how much happier art thou!"

Hagar awoke. Serena drew herself hastily back, but she had been observed. "Who is there?" she cried, sharply. Serena was silent, in the hope that she should not be recognized; but Hagar continued: "Thou dost not answer, but I know thee. I have seen thee before, creeping about my bed, pale maiden, in order to suck my blood. Do not imagine that thou canst deceive me. I know that I am in thy power, and I know what thou wilt do; thou wilt torment me, and take away my life with poison. In punishment of my crime, I shall perish by degrees through privation of fresh air. And on that account thou hast taken him away from me, that I may never more see him, never more hear his voice; for these were my pleasure and my life. He himself has delivered me into thy power. Yes, he and all hate me, and rejoice in my misery; but I will decieve him, and all of you; I will free myself."

While Hagar said this, she sought for the bandage, in order to tear it from her wound; but Serena flew forward, seized her hands, and held them back with an almost supernatural power. Hagar stared wildly on that gentle countenance, which was bathed with the tears of grief and pity, and said, "Will you preserve my life in order to suffer me to perish the more slowly?"

"O, no! no, Hagar! Mistrust me not; I wish you to live."

"I do not believe it. Thou lovest him that I love, that belongs to me—I tremble, I faint—who belongs to me, for I had his promise before thou. My claims on him are older, holier—blood has sealed them. Ha! thou wishest me well! Thou! Away, I know what jealousy is; this black, black plague, which leads to murder—to madness—which in solitary hours whispers with a clear, ghastly voice, 'Kill! kill!' Ha, white maiden! now becomest thou also black, and hatest——hu! all around me is black, black, black——"

Hagar swooned. Serena called in her attendant; and hastened, beside herself with grief, to her own chamber. There she threw herself on her knees, and cried, "O, my God! he could thus deceive me!" All was dark around her now, but not long.

SCENE THE SECOND.

Love is patient and mild.

Hagar. So you really do not desire my death?

Serena. No, Hagar. May you live, and acquire peace.

Hagar. But if I live, I shall disturb your peace. If I live, you will never be happy.

Serena. (With quiet despondency.) I have already abandoned this hope.

Hagar. His beloved you might have become; you would then be what I and many others have been; but his wife——never! never! Sarah drives Hagar out of the house. Will you be his beloved?

Serena. (Quietly.) No, Hagar!

Hagar. You are too proud to become that?

Serena was silent.

Hagar. You do not love him! you will sacrifice nothing for him!

Serena. Ah, yes! my life; my earthly happiness—how willingly!

Hagar. That is little. But do you know what I have sacrificed for him? Wealth, station, honor, fatherland, parents, happiness—all! all! In my father's house I could command a thousand slaves. I forsook all, and became his slave; and on that account he must love me—on that account he must become mine. Who stood by his side in the bloody fight to the death? Who dared with him to scorn the law of damnation, if not I? White maiden! white and cold as the snow on the mountains of thy fatherland! dost thou think that thou canst tear him from me? No! to me will he come back; my fire streams also in his veins. Feeble one! fear his kiss; it consumes. Fly him, for he is mine here, and beyond the grave——Oh, my wound! God, what an agony! Help! help!"

Serena hastened to her. With the soothing ointment which Dr. Werner had prepared, she dressed the wound, and bound it up with a gentle and skilful hand.

"Thanks!" said Hagar, in a milder tone, "thanks! thou art kind."

"O, Hagar! love him, but do not hate me."

"No; I hate thee no longer. Who can hate thee?"

SCENE THE THIRD.

If any one compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Hagar. (passionately.) "If you wish me to live, see that he comes back. It were better to lie on the rack, and enjoy the sight of his countenance, than be in Paradise without him. They tell me that you have much power over him; use it, then, to make him come back, and if possible, to forgive me. Jealousy made me wild; but his hate I do not deserve; at least not ——" Hagar was silent, and sunk in thought. For some days she had been better; Serena's indefatigable care and gentleness operated like a healing balm on the unhappy one.

Later in the evening, Serena sat by Hagar and wrote. Love and sorrow hovered on her lips, which lightly moved, as if she whispered the words into the pen; but on her lovely brow lay a loftier tranquillity than usual—it was like the victorious repose of virtue and love. Hagar observed it; and in her bold and bitter manner she said, abruptly—"You are certainly much satisfied with yourself." Serena blushed, and Hagar proceeded—"You value yourself greatly, no doubt, on being so pure and virtuous. You certainly believe that you stand much higher than such a wretched creature as I am."

"No, in truth not," answered Serena, with a tear in her eye.

"You would indeed be wrong if you did," continued she, "for very dissimilar are our endowments, and still more so our temptations."

"That is true," answered Serena, humbly.

"What indeed has he to boast of, who has never been tempted? If you had been tried, you would probably have been no better than many others."

Serena was silent.

"Happy are they whose bosoms are never shaken with passions, whose blood runs softly, whose earliest companions are virtue and peace. If they continue unspotted—if they fall not—small is their merit."

"You are right," said Serena," still and humbly as before. She propped her head on her white hand.

"Fate determines, and the world judges, and both alike blindly," continued she, in her bitterness; "and therefore the path of one man is called victory and honor, that of another, fall and reprobation."

"But God, who sees in secret," said Serena, with a firmer voice; "God, who is more mighty than fate and the world, will one day make equal what here was unequal. Then, Hagar, will it often happen that he who labored only in the last hour, will receive a reward equal to his who was called in the first hour."

Hagar raised herself somewhat, and regarded Serena with amazement. "What God lives in thy soul?" demanded she; "and wherefore such gentle words to the hated and the outcast?"

"Not hated—not outcast!" said Serena, as she drew nearer to the sick bed. "Oh, no, Hagar! a milder Judge assuredly awaits thee."

With an expression of higher wonder, Hagar fixed her broad and questioning gaze on that sweet countenance which was now near her bed, and looked down on her with an angel's compassion. Serena continued:—"Jealousy has led you to a dark deed, but your love is true and great. I have listened to you, Hagar, as your soul revealed its innermost feelings. I have listened, in the hours of twilight and of night, when you believed yourself alone, and I have learned how you love—no sordid soul, no ordinary woman, can love thus! Passions, circumstances, the darkness in your soul, have led you astray; but in clearer moments, and now, Hagar, descend into your heart, and ask yourself whether there be anything which you would not sacrifice for Bruno's happiness; whether there be a suffering which you would not willingly bear for his sake? Is not your love for him your strongest, yes, is it not now the only, deep feeling of your heart?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Hagar, "I have loved him burningly, inexpressibly—love him yet; but—this love has conducted me to crime!"

"And if you had pierced my heart, Hagar, and I now lay dying near you, I would still say that the work of the moment will not condemn the heart which loves steadfastly!"

Hagar gasped for breath. A refreshing feeling descended into her desperate heart, and quenched its bitter burning. With folded hands, she sank back on her couch. "Yes," whispered she, faintly; "thou art right!" Ah, there is thus one who can understand me, who can believe my words. Hear me, then, Serena; thou who hast an angel's gentleness, and an angel's serenity in thy soul; hear me! I wished not to kill thee! No; I would not do Bruno such an injury. As I sat in the dark wood alone, and jealousy called up thoughts of murder in my soul, I cast them from me, in abhorrence. As I heard of Bruno's betrothal; as I saw that my fate was irrevocably sealed, I determined to kill myself; and that I might acquire strength to do it, I would see him with thee, with thee his betrothed bride. Ah! as I saw thee for the first time, it went like cold steel through my heart; then I felt that he would love thee differently to what he had loved others. I felt that he was lost forever to me; and yet I had his first love, his first promise. But to the matter. I came one evening, and saw you together; but as I saw thy head leaned on his shoulder, as I heard him call thee his wife, then a fury rent my heart and my brain. It was jealousy. My soul was wild, and my dagger thirsted for thy blood, before it should cool itself in my own. Yes, it was the work of a moment—a dark, dark moment! but now a beam of heaven pierces through the vale of night. But thou! thou, whom I would have killed, and who yet givest me life—say, who art thou, wonderful maiden? Art thou a child of heaven, sent down to bring comfort to the earth, and who hast nothing in common with its passions and pains? Or belongest thou to those forms of witchcraft of which I have heard tell; who, with silver voices, and fascinating sounds, allure men, and suddenly change themselves into shapes of hell, and drag down the unhappy ones into eternal darkness?"

Hagar's wild and heated fancy seemed in this moment to be ready to realize to her this horrible metamosphosis. With a disturbed look, she gazed on Serena, who calmly said, "I am only a weak woman; to whom, however, God has given the grace to triumph over the passions and agonies of the heart. Read, Hagar; these lines will speedily brink him thou lovest back to thee; and no longer mistrust me." Serena gave Hagar the letter which she had just written, and she read:

"Thou fleest me, Bruno; thou avoidest our house, Bruno, return. I ask it not only in my own name, and on my own behalf; I ask it on behalf of a person who can more readily dispense with light and life, than with thy presence. Come, Bruno; come to this most-to-be-compassionated one. By her couch I await thee. Let us together recall her to life, or together bestow consolation on her last hours. Let us be together, Bruno, my friend! In the darkness which at this moment surrounds me, I yet know one thing with clearness: and that is, that I love thee, and that nothing in the world can pluck this feeling out of my heart. We can determine nothing at this moment in regard to our future relations; well, than, let us leave these to time, and have peace with one another; and should an obstacle to our union as man and wife arise, that need not be an obstacle to our being friends. Hagar has spoken of claims which she has on thee; of earlier bonds, which bind thee to her. If she has spoken the truth, Bruno, yet is my prayer still the same—Come back, Bruno, to me and to her!

Listen, Bruno; let us become children once more. Let us be as we were in the days, the beautiful days when we hailed together the morning sun in the woods of Ramm, and when the shades of evening still found us together, full of peace and watchfulness for each other. Dost thou remember an evening when it became dark in the wood, and I asked thee, 'Art thou not afraid to lose thy way in the dark?' and thou answeredst me, 'With thee the way is clear to me;' and I said again, 'And with thee I am never afraid in the dark.' Oh, friend of my childhood! can it not be as it was then? Life is the wood, and that can be dark—Oh! I have experienced it for some time—let us then go together on the dark path, Bruno; extend me thy hand as friend, as brother; then will the way, perhaps, for us both, yet become clear. Listen to my entreaty—I make it with tears. Return, Bruno; dear, ever dear friend, return!

Thine, SERENA."

With a trembling hand, Hagar gave back the letter. "Thou lovest him better than I," she said. A bitter expression passed over her countenance, and she drew the clothes over her head.

Serena despatched the letter; and a few hours afterward, Bruno was at her feet. They spoke not, but involuntarily embraced each other; and their hearts were involuntarily melted together in one unutterable feeling. From this moment, Bruno has been frequently at Hagar's bedside; and the wild and bold woman is in his presence a meek and humble one, whom a mere look commands. Bruno's forgiveness and presence, Serena's kindness and tenderness, her true and gentle nursing, have operated beneficially on her condition. Dr. Werner has hopes of her life. Franziska comes sometimes in the evening to visit her friend. Between Bruno and these two accomplished and amiable women, have arisen conversations of a high and noble interest, which Hagar has drunk in with eagerness. The old Dahls also have come and joined them; and in the chamber, in the very circle where so much material existed for all that is most unhappy in life, have grown by degrees through Serena's influence, peace, interest, yes, even pleasure, at least for the moment; and the circumstance itself, which threatened inevitably to rend asunder the bonds of confidence and love, has served only to entwine them the stronger. Beautiful power of goodness, which desires alone to reconcile; of wisdom, which, like God's own wisdom, opposes only to all division and scattering, a higher harmony, a profounder order and love!

SCENE THE FOURTH.

Drop by drop the still rain pierces
Deep through the hard rock's hardest heart.—*Schiller.*

The storm raged without. One of those evenings was closing in, in which the legends of past ages, of the wild exploits of witches, seem almost to verify themselves; in which the poor wanderer in the North frequently loses his way. His wife, or an aged mother, misses him by the evening fire; but on the next day, it is related that he was found dead on the snow in the wood.

Hager's state had suffered a fresh change. Her strength, which for some time had gone on increasing, and therefore gave hopes of her recovery, suddenly abated, and was followed by a condition of increasing weakness. "It is not her wound, only, but her mind," said Dr. Werner, "which preys on her life." It was now silent in the sick chamber; Serena alone moved about in it with quiet solicitude for the body and soul of the invalid. These, also, were more composed since she had surrendered herself wholly to her faithful and gentle nurse.

The icy shower struck against the window of the sick chamber, and the tempest tossed the branches of the trees which stood without; but within burnt a lamp still and clear, and a feminine voice read these words: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

"Blessed, blessed words!" here cried a faint voice from the bed. "And if I should go home, like the prodigal son, should I indeed be thus received? Great, great is my guilt."

"But the mercy of God is yet greater," answered Serena. "The prodigal son had actually wasted his whole inheritance; but when he returned repentant, he was received at last."

Well, then!" said the invalid, with a burning heart; "I also will return. To my earthly father I cannot return; he would only receive me with curses; but I will arise and go to my heavenly Father."

SCENE THE FIFTH.

Love takes no heed of boundry line;
It knows no measure, knows no grave.

It was night, and the moon shone radiantly. The earth lay deluged in its beams, so friendly and so still. The snow covering was gone, and a wind of resurrection awoke the slumbering to the life of spring. We will follow the beams of heaven's lamp into Hagar's sick room, and observe the forms which there were illuminated by them.

They fall strongly upon a profile which has been beautiful. The features now are sharp and harsh, such as passion and pain are wont to carve out with their keen chisel. The eye which was wont to roll wildly, is now quieter. There is a sainted expression in the wasted countenance, and the hands are as if placed in prayer. Hagar sits upright in bed.

Near, and supporting her, stands a young maiden. Perhaps it is the light of the moon which occasions her to look so snow-white, as she stands there like a lily bathed in sunbeams. Perhaps, also, it may be sufferings which have chased the ruddy color from her cheeks; yet it had not been able to steal thence the tranquil glance of her expression, nor to change the delicate and almost childlike roundness of her figure. She is soft, soft as goodness itself, and as captivating. Her look is clear, mild—one might almost say—holy. "Lean more freely on me," said she, softly, to Hagar. "It is Serena!"

In the shadow, and darker than it, stood Bruno; his gloomily-frowning gaze riveted immovably on these two. His breast heaved slowly, but mighty feelings were battling within it. At a distance from the bed, in a tempered and gray twilight, sat two aged forms, still, pale, and resembling apparitions.

Six weeks had fled since the evening on which Hagar had laid a violent hand on her own life; and like a dying flame, which now blazes up, now sinks again, she had long hovered betwixt life and death; but the pangs of the last days had been great, and she felt her end drawing near. It was night, as she, awaking out of a protracted state of unconsciousness, desired an interview with Serena's grandparents; but when they came, it was long before she was able to speak. Supported on Serena's faithful bosom, and embraced by her arms, she by degrees gathered some strength, and at her request the aged pair drew near. In brief, but strong expressions, she thanked them for the kindness they had shown her, and begged their forgiveness for the distress she had occasioned them. "Now," added she, "I will no more distress any one on the earth; I go to meet my last judgment. But before I go, let me do sacrifice to the truth; let me, in some degree, make restitution for the evil I have done. Hear the confession of a dying woman, and put faith in my last words. *I have nothing to charge upon Bruno!* I have been the shaper of my own fortune. In my father's house we loved one another, and were betrothed. It was I who broke the vow; my excesses and crimes awoke his abhorrence. I would draw him down; he fled from me. I pursued him; and it became my fate, that although repulsed and despised by him, I was yet compelled to love him; that I could not breathe except in the fire which consumed me. My love was its own punishment; it has bowed down my soul, but has made it better. Bruno tolerated me near him; endured the storm-wind which raged with never-ceasing commotion. This gave me strength to live—yes, to hope that I might yet regain the heart which I had lost. For this, I followed him into this land, in whose earth I shall soon rest. Bruno attached himself to Serena, and insisted on my departure. He offered me rich gifts, and implored me to return to my native country. There was not merely desire, but the command, in his annihilating words; and I pretended to comply, but took my resolution to perish. My feelings were maddened. Cold was the winter evening on which I determined to put an end to my life. Bruno was with his bride—I was alone in the dark wood—cold was the winter evening, and on that account my blood was stiffened, my hand benumbed, and would not obey me. I determined to see him and her together; I ran, I saw them; jealousy made me furious——and the rest you know. Yet once more, forgive—yet once more hear this word; I have nothing of which to accuse Bruno, but for much to implore his pardon. He deserves your grand-daughter; and in the unknown space into which my spirit goes, I will bless him and her. If you can forgive me, then extend me your hands, that I may press them to my lips. If you pardon me, tell me that you will not prevent this union, which my crime threatened to dissolve; give to the repentant and the dying this last consolation!"

Hagar was silent. The two old people extended their hands, and spoke to her words of reconciliation; and on this, as Hagar appeared faint, they softly withdrew. Hagar lay for a moment in unconsciousness; but speedily revived, turned her expiring eyes toward Serena, and said: "And now let me thank thee, thou pure, thou clear fountain, which mirrors itself in the heaven of God. For my bitter words, thou gavest me kind ones; for the suffering which I occasioned thee, thou hast ameliorated and sweetened my last hour. Thou hast offered refreshing liquids to my lips; thou hast poured the oil of compassion into my wounded heart; thou hast taught me the holy nature of love; hast effected that gentle feelings now rule in my soul; that yet at the gate of death I can hope!——Serena, Bruno, give me your hands! that I who would have separated them, may now unite them; that I may pronounce a blessing over them, before my lips are silenced forever!"

Serena, silently weeping, extended her hand; but Bruno stood immovable. "He will not!" exclaimed Hagar, with pain; "he fears the blessing which my lips would pronounce; he abhors me, even to death!"

"It is not so, Hagar;" said Bruno, mildly, as he laid lightly his hand on her violently-laboring breast; "have peace with me, even as I have peace with thee. Thou hast been dear to me, and at this moment thou art so still."

"Have everlasting thanks for these words," exclaimed Hagar, vehemently; "O, speak them once more; say that thou forgivest me."

"Who am I, that I should forgive thee?" said Bruno, gloomily. "What right have I to appear better than thou? We have both erred; both stand before the Eternal eye alike, in need of pardon and mercy."

"No, not alike!" asserted Hagar. "Was it not I who conducted thy fiery, inconsiderate youth to deeds wherein thy heart had no participation? Was it not I who, like a serpent, wound myself about thy tree of life, and infused poison with its sap? Thou it was who awoke in me a human spark; that which bound me to thee was neither thy beauty, nor thy bravery; it was the flame of a higher life, which again and again flashed forth from the tempestuous night of thy existence. In vain would men burn thy strength to ashes; like the Phœnix, thou arose from the pyre, shook the ashes from thy pinions, and soared towards the light. So didst thou fly before me, and I remained in the dust; but now—it is so dark! Now I die with pleasure, since I know that my death is good for thee; yet hear this one prayer. In the park at Ramm is a grotto; there I have often rested—it is cool and still; let me there be buried. And hear—my coffin stands in thy house; it has imbibed the atmosphere of thy house, where thou breathest—lay me in that. Ah! thy hand does me good; let it there rest, till that heart is still. Farewell, Bruno! I sink into the dark, still night—and with me the past! Mayest thou be happy with thy young bride—with me all is—at an end!"

Hagar was silent. Her hands dropped from those of Bruno; her bosom became still; and the great apparition of life—Death—spread over her features the veil which no mortal can raise. She had ceased to breathe. The beams of the moon grew dim, and the dawn of Easter morning spread its uncertain light through the chamber, and its ruddy glimmer hovered over the pale corpse. A solemn stillness prevailed long around her.

"Dead!" at length exclaimed Bruno, with a hollow voice, as he stooped over Hagar, and was visibly shaken with agonized feelings—"dead—because she loved me! Who ever became happy in loving me? To whom did I ever give joy? I have darkened the life of my mother—here lies the betrothed of my youth; and ye, unhappy victims, whose existence I have blighted, you also rise up to accuse me. It is just! Ye pale shapes, come and place yourselves between me and her who should be my wife—for I am not worthy of her. I will not deceive her—I will not steal into her heart with a lie; no, no one shall love me, no one follow me, except this spirit of evil which accompanies me through life. I believed that Serena would drive him forth. Ah! this angel-look oppresses me, and plunges me still deeper—my usurped heaven would become my curse! No, I will fly—fly—I will—" A convulsive agitation shook Bruno, and the fixed eye showed that he was no longer master of himself.

"Bruno! Bruno!" cried Serena, with tenderness and pain, as she approached him. "Away!" said he, sternly and wildly. "Away!" my love brings misfortune with it. Come not with thy pinions too near the flame of the burning gulf. Fly! fly!"

"Bruno," said Serena, while spite of his menacing gestures, she drew near, and threw her arms round his neck; "talk not so wildly. Be gentle—be still. Thou art unwell, Bruno; come, compose thyself. Sit down here by me; lean on me, my Bruno. I am still thy Serena—thy bride—who loves thee so tenderly; who will follow thee through joy and trouble."

The tension of Bruno's spirit gave way; his look became gentler; he breathed more softly. "Speak, angel-voice, speak!" said he.

"Thou hast watched too much; thou hast exhausted thyself," continued Serena, tenderly and caressingly; "now thou must take a little repose. I will watch thee, while thou sleepest; and then we will go out together, and behold the sun—the delicious, vernal sun, which gives joy and life to all creation. It will be a lovely day, my Bruno!"

Serena's childlike, sweet words, and the testimony of her love, laid the demon in Bruno's soul. He calmed himself, and appeared to awake out of a painful dream. With a look of inexpressible affection and inexpressible anguish, he gazed on Serena. "Oh!" said he, with tearful eyes, "never did the harp of David more soothingly charm the frantic spirit to rest. But, Serena, tell me, what have I said? what have I done? and tell me, also, what thou hast thought of it?"

"Thou wert ill, Bruno; but thank God! thou art now better, and all is well."

"No! with me all is not well, Serena; for know, that the frenzy of which thou hast been a witness, is no strange guest with me. In the activity of the day—in the silence of the night—it surprises me, till I can again rise into mastership over it. Seest thou, in the moment in which my mother laid the curse upon my head, my spirit received a wound, which since then has never healed. Wild deeds and memories has prevented it. Oh, long have I yearned to lay myself at thy feet with my terrible secret; but my strength has failed me—strength, perhaps forever——but now is the hour come! Turn thy pure gaze away, Serena!"

Bruno described in rapid but graphic words, his first aberrations. "My brother's manly kindness," said he, "snatched me from the dangerous and destructive path. For a moment, I thought to begin a new and better life; perhaps should have done it, had not the consequences of my first digressions dragged me down. I was early become a secret gambler. I had seduced into the same course, a young man of my acquaintance—I was the cause of his misfortunes; and in order to rescue him, I had recourse anew to forbidden means. My theft was discovered—discovered by my mother! She would punish me severely—perhaps too severely; but no, I deserved it. But I would not submit myself; I met force with force; I opposed my mother——and she cursed me!"

At these words, Bruno's voice trembled; he paused an instant, and then proceeded:

"I fled the same night, my heart possessed with furies, which have, since then, never quitted me. I went into foreign service, and earned wounds and honor. When the war was ended, I fell into connections which fettered my heart, and confounded the remaining ideas of right and goodness which I had brought with me from the maternal home. Loaded with the curse of my mother, and bearing in my bosom a storm of unbridled passions, I sought to gratify these; I sought to forget that I had a home, a mother, a native land; to forget that I was cursed——ah! that was an icy feeling in my heart which drove me continually deeper into the fire of perdition. The men with whom I was now surrounded, the desire of gain, the very danger with which the enterprise was attended, drove me to that which I shall ever repent—I became a dealer in men, a trader in human souls! I tore the children of Africa from their huts; I tore with violence husband from wife, mothers from their children, and carried them as slaves to the Portuguese colonies. Men—my brethren—I sold for gain!—They who then exerted a powerful influence over my mind, had represented to me these unhappy people as destitute of all moral worth—yes, as actually ranking below the beasts. A terrible circumstance opened my blinded eyes——let me now pass it over in silence; I could not relate it with equanimity: Enough—from that moment I abandoned my bloody trade. Again I changed my name and country.

"To forget and to enjoy, were now, more than ever, the impelling objects of my life. At the faro-table, I wooed fortune, and she was auspicious. One evening I won a heavy sum from a very young man. Gold lightened round me, and blinded my eyes; but the ashy ghastliness of desperation which overspread the countenance of my opponent, as he left the room, recalled me to reflection. Perhaps he had a mother, who—— I hastened out after him. I would give him back all that he had lost. I ran up the pitch-dark street, and called the name of the unfortunate youth. A flash and a report were the answer to my call; fragments of the brain of the unhappy man flew to my very feet. He was the only son of a destitute widow!

"I abandoned the faro-table; I sought to repair, in some degree, the evils which I had perpetrated; I sought to ameliorate the burdens of those classes of men against whom I had transgressed. But what is the benevolence of the gambler? It is like the alms of a robber—it is a blood penny! No atonement can thence arise to the heart. I felt it—I sought love. Love, I imagined, would enable me to forget the past, and enjoy the present. I plunged into love, and sank into the arms of—no, holy love, not into thy arms—but in those of voluptuousness was my life consumed. I persuaded myself that I loved—I was deceived. I deceived others, and revelled in excess after excess. But as the waves fled the lip of Tantalus, so fled peace and enjoyment from me. During fifteen years, I had probably moments of wild pleasure, but not one hour to which I would say, 'Remain!' not a day to which I would address the petition, 'Come again!' An inexpressible emptiness, which nothing appeared capable of filling—a consuming thirst after something, I know not what—reigned in my soul. At times, in more tranquil hours—yes, even in those of the wildest enjoyment—came before my spirit an image, whose fascinating and yet agonizing effect on my heart, it is impossible for me to describe. All that my years of childhood had possessed of innocent and beautiful—all that I had at times dreamed of heaven, and its peace—appeared to blend themselves into one shape; and that shape, Serena, wore thy features. Thence arose in my soul an ineffable longing and despair.

"Once more I tore myself from my effeminate and dissolute career. I sought to employ my life, which oppressed me, in a widely-extended and systematic activity. I launched into speculations of commerce; they prospered, and I became rich. But ah! my heart still remained poor; and in the midst of my superfluity, my soul hungered. It was at this period, that my affairs conducted me to England. I heard Canning address the representatives of a great people, for the abolition of the slave trade, for liberty, and the good of mankind. I saw on his brow the glory of an immortal beauty; and for the first time, I comprehended the moral worth, and the true nobility of man, and the baseness of my former life. O, Serena! then did I bewail the days and the vigor which I had wasted! But I was still young; yet could I begin—what? An outcast; a son with the maternal imprecation on his head—what good can he commence? what blessing can he receive from above? I was cursed! That was the brand which was stamped on my forehead; the stone which lay upon my life, and doomed it to eternal darkness. What angel could roll the stone away? Oh, long did my soul wrestle in benumbing despair; for my mother is the only being I ever feared. Often, since my childhood, had our spirits contended; but she had always triumphed, had always cast mine down. Bitterness grew in my heart; but long years passed away, and love came back into it, and grew, and overspread all the bitterness. The thoughts of reconciliation with her, were the only thoughts in my soul. This reconciliation was the condition of a new, of a better life; without it, the whole world was nothing to me. I had no hope; but if I would live, I must dare. So powerfully had this feeling laid hold on my being, that I was physically enfeebled by it; at the very word, 'Mother,' I could weep like a child.

"I came back; I saw my paternal home again; I saw also thee; Serena!—the paradise of my childhood, my revelation of heaven, the object of my desire, the reformation of my life and being—I saw all this in thee. Wonder not that my arms extended themselves longingly to secure thee; wonder not that when I saw myself an outcast from the maternal bosom, I sought to win an angel for my distempered soul. There hovered, at this moment, a doom over me, on which depended more than mere life and death; the consequence must be reconciliation, or the eternal perdition of my soul. There lay a thunder-cloud on my heart and brain; I neither saw nor felt clearly. It was then that I tempted thee, Serena; thou withstood me, and I believed that I loved thee less; but I deceived myself; thou hadst sunk only deeper into my spirit, and wert become one with its good genius. But this I did not then feel; my mind was dark.

"A moment of wild desperation passed over, and I became reconciled to my mother. I rested my head on her bosom; I heard her bless me! Almighty God! rich in mercy, wouldst thou weigh out to me against this moment a hundred years of suffering, yet could I lift my hands to thee, as now, and thank thee for this moment! Words cannot express its value; it has saved me both in time and eternity.

"What shall I say further to thee, Serena? Although reconciled with my mother, and loving her more intensely than ever, I felt, after the first moments of heavenly blessedness, no rest in my heart. Thee, thee, must I win. Thou must become my wife, if I must enjoy peace on earth. I sought to win thee in the way which thou thyself hadst pointed out to me—I was rejected. It was not wounded pride, Serena, which induced me, for a long time, to absent myself from your house; no, but I descended into myself, and endeavored to renounce thee. It was in vain! a nameless, irresistible power drew me back to thee; there was a bond between us, which seemed to me to be twined by God himself. Thou wert mine! Oh, moment of transport! of godlike blessedness! Thou wert mine—and life was renovated, the past was forgotten, all was atoned for and purified. Oh! it was but for a moment; the furies speedily raised themselves again in my heart, the chastening goddess of memory; and thy acquiescence, thy pure glance, became to me piercing reproaches. I was not worthy of thee, every day made me more sensible of it; and doubly unworthy I felt myself, that I would draw thee down into a life of whose darkness thou wert ignorant; for in vain would I delude myself—never can I be at rest; never can the blessedness of a pure heart dwell in my bosom. What has been done, cannot be undone; there are circumstances in my life which never can be forgotten; remembrances which will pursue me to the grave! Oh, Serena! thy innocent hand should not be laid in one stained with so many crimes; thou, the pure, the blessed, shouldst not stand in connection with him on whom secretly lies the ban of expulsion from civil society; at least thou oughtest not to surrender thy youth, thy beauty, thy womanly virtue, to a deceiver. This has of late become perfectly clear to me. It has become clear that if I abused thy confidence, and made thee unhappy—and happy never can the partner of my days and nights be—then indeed must I become an eternal reprobate. These thoughts have long agitated me. Hagar's crimes and thy virtues; thy conquest over me and her, have brought them to maturity. I love thee now, Serena, as highly and sacredly as I before loved thee wildly and egotistically, and therefore I have unveiled my soul before thee, as before its eternal Creator. The altar has not yet united us; thou canst yet separate thyself from me; canst yet withdraw thyself. Thou art at this moment free; and if thou rejectest me, yet shall no complaint, no reproach, pass my lips. If thou also turnest thyself away from me, I will yet love and honor thee, and will go on my solitary and dreary path, as well as I may.

"Thou hast spoken of friendship; of brother and sister; pardon me if I rend away this illusion of an angelically pure heart. It cannot be so between us. God created our souls of far different natures; in mine burn flames, of which thou knowest nothing; I must possess thee, or fly thee; but if I fly thee, Serena, I shall yet carry thy image in my bosom, and it will make me a better man. I am not alone—I have a mother. I will live for her, should it even be without pleasure or enjoyment. Yet let me add but one word. I have hoped, Serena, thou whom I alone have ever truly loved,—to be able to begin on thy bosom, on thy angel's heart, a new and better life. I believed that the better germs in my soul would unfold themselves under thy protection—and who can say what the heart augurs—and who measures the strength of love? Who sets bounds to the mercy of the Almighty? With thee appeared the way to atonement and a better life—without thee—but I have said enough. Now thou knowest all, Serena—pronounce the judgment over me. I stoop my head before thee, and will kiss thy beloved hand, let it dispense me what it will—life or death."

As the seraph Eloa, says the poet of the Messiah,* descended at the side of the Saviour into hell, and saw there the darkness and misery, its clear glance became quenched in gloom. A feeling like that of Eloa had, during Bruno's confession, oppressed Serena; and an indescribable weight lay upon her heart, and impeded its action; but it was rolled away, and vanished. As the fresh wind blows away the fog; as the clear stars come forth in the dark night; as the glow of the morning ascends and illumines, and fills all creation with splendor—so rose in Serena's heart the eternal love, strong, abundant, sweet, and triumphant. In her soul all became lighter, freer, more assured than ever—there was no more fear, no more disquiet there; and as Bruno ceased to speak, she stooped toward him with silent tears of affection in her eyes